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this number.



"O, MY LAMB! NO ONE HAS THE POWER TO TAKE YOU FROM ME NOW."

"NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

In order to explain the foregoing statement to my readers, it is necessary that I should take them back to the time when Joel Cray left Priestley.

It seems a hard thing to say, but there is no doubt it is true, that the lower orders, as a rule, do not feel the happiness of loving, nor the misery of losing love, so keenly as their brethren of the upper class. The old fashioned idea that

virtue and simplicity are oftener to be found in the country than the town, and amongst the poor than the rich, has long since exploded. Simple the half-heathen villagers may still remain; but it is oftener the hideous simplicity of open vice, so general that its followers have not even the grace left to be ashamed of it, than the innocence that thinks no evil. If the inhabitants of our great towns are vicious, they at least try to hide it. Even with the virtuous poor the idea of love (as we think of love) seldom enters into their calculations on marriage. They see a girl whom they admire, who seems "likely" in their eyes, and, after their rough fashion, they commence to court her, "keep company" with her for a few years, at the end of which time perhaps she falls in with a "likelier" young man; and then if the first suitor has been really in earnest, a few blows are exchanged between the rivals, separation ensues, and he looks out for another partner. The women are even more phlegmatic than the men. They regard marriage simply as a settlement in life, and any one appears to be eligible who can place them in a house of their own. If the first comer is faithless, they cry out about it loudly and publicly for a day or two, and then it is over; and they also are free to choose again. I suppose this state of things has its advantages. They do not love so deeply or intellectually as we do, consequently they separate with greater ease. Disappointment does not rebound on them with so crushing an effect, and believe for that very reason they make the more faithful wives and husbands of the two. They expect little, and little satisfies them; and they have to work and struggle to procure the necessities of life. There is no time left to make the worst of their domestic troubles.

Yet we cannot take up the daily papers, and read of the many crimes that are committed through jealousy, without feeling that some of the class alluded to must be more sensitive than others. A gentleman will suspect his wife of infidelity, and break his heart over it for years, trying to hoodwink himself and tread down unworthy doubts, before he will drag his dishonored name into the light of day, and seek reparation at the hands of law; but a husband of the lower orders has no such delicate consideration. Most of them think a good beating sufficient compensation for their wrongs; but a few, under the sense of outraged honor which they experience, but cannot define, feel that nothing short of blood will satisfy them, and quietly cut their wives' throats from ear to ear. I have always had a sort of admiration for these last-named criminals. They must have valued what they destroy at the risk of, and often in conjunction with, their own lives. The act may be brutal, but it is manly.

Beneath the list of ignorance and butchery, we see the powers of mastery and justice, and the hatred of deceit and vice, which in an educated mind would have brought forth such different fruits. But, above all, we recognise the power of sentiment.

Joel Cray was one of these men—a rare instance of sensibility in a class whose whole life and nurture is against the possession of such a feeling. From a boy he had been taught to look upon his cousin Myra as his future wife; and when he believed that Muiraven had betrayed and deserted her, his rage and indignation knew no bounds. For a while he thought that he must see her righted; that it was impossible that any man who had loved Myra in ever so transient a manner—Myra so delicate and pretty, and compared with the other girls of Priestley) so refined, who in Joel's rough sight appeared almost as a lady—could be satisfied to live without searching her out again. But as time went on, and no penitent seducer appeared upon the scene, his old feelings for her regained the ascendancy, and he began to look upon her as one who was to be his wife. He did not mind the first rebuffs she gave him. He had faith in the charm which being replaced in a



position of respectability must hold for every woman, and believed that, as soon as she had got the better of her illness, the advisability of his proposal would strike her in its true light. He had not the least idea that she was dying; and her subsequent death seemed to kill at one blow both his ambitions. He could neither make her his wife, nor see her made the wife of the man who had deserted her. And there seemed to him but one thing left to be done—to exchange the blows, alluded to above, with the author of all this misfortune, even though they were to death.

"If I can only see that there 'Amilton,' he thinks savagely, as he journeys from Priestley, "and break his dorned head for him, I shall bide perhaps a bit quieter. Wherever I meets him, though, and whenever it may be, it will be a stand-up fight between us. And if he won't own his child and provide for it as a gentleman should, why there'll be another. And small satisfaction, too, with my poor girl a-lying cold in the churchyard." And here, hurried by retrospection beyond all bounds of propriety, he begins to call down the curse of the Almighty upon the luckless head of his unknown enemy.

He quits Priestley at the very time that Eric Keir is trying to drown his disappointment by running over the United States with his friend Charley Holmes, until the fatal letter announcing his elder brother's death shall call him back to England. Had it not been so, there would have been small chance of his being encountered in the streets of London during the shooting season by our poor friend Joel. But what should a country lout know of such matters? It is to London that he works his way, feeling assured that in that emporium of wealth and fashion and luxury, sooner or later, he must meet his rival. So far he has reason, and by slow degrees he reaches the metropolis, journeying from farm to farm, with a day's job here and a day's job there, until he has gained the site of a suburban railway, on which he gets employment as a porter.

Here, seeing no means of bettering himself, he rests quietly for several months, more resigned and disposed to take interest in life again perhaps, but still with that one idea firmly fixed in his mind, and eagerly scanning the features or following the footsteps of any one whose face or figure reminds him, in ever so small a degree, of the hated "Amilton." Perhaps it is fortunate for Joel's chances of retaining his situation that he cannot read, else the times he would have been seduced from his allegiance by seeing the mystic name upon a hat-box or a portmanteau would have been without number. How many Hamiltons journeyed up and down that line, I wonder, and embarked or disembarked at that station during the three months Joel Cray was porter there! But personal characteristics were all the guides he followed after, and these were often sufficient to insure him a reprimand. At last he heard of a situation as pot-boy in the West End of London, and resigned half his wages to increase his chance of meeting Muiraven.

But Muiraven spent his Christmas and his spring at Berwick Castle, and did not leave home again until he went to Glottonbury and met the Mordaunts.

Meanwhile poor Joel, much disheartened at repeated failures, but with no intention of giving in, searched for him high and low, and kept his wrath boiling, all ready for him when they should meet, by a nightly recapitulation of his wrongs.

Muiraven leaves Priestley, and embarks for India. The unfortunate avenger is again baffled.

The season passes, and he has ascertained nothing. Amongst the "Amiltons," he has met or heard of, he can trace no member answering to the description of Myra's betrayer. Many are tall and fair, and many tall and dark; but the white skin, and the blue eyes, and the dark hair come not, and the poor, honest, faithful heart begins to show signs of weariness. "Who knows?" so he argues—for two years and more Myra had heard nothing of him—"perhaps he may have died in the interim. Oh, if he could only ascertain that he had!"

But this search is as futile as the first. By degrees Joel confides his sorrow and his design to others—it is so hard to suffer all by oneself—and his acquaintances are eager to assist him, for there is something irresistibly exciting in a hue and cry; but their efforts, though well meant, fall to the ground, and hope and courage begin to sink away together. During this year, Joel passes through the various phases of pot-boy, bottle-cleaner, and warehouse porter, until he has worked his way down to the Docks, where his fine-built muscular frame and capabilities of endurance make him rather a valuable acquisition. He is still in this position when Lord Muiraven returns from the East Indies.

Muiraven left Fen Court in a strangely unsettled state of mind. He did not know if he were happier or more miserable for the discovery he had made. After an awkward and unsatisfactory manner, he had cleared himself in Irene's eyes, and received the assurance of her forgiveness; but how was his position bettered by the circumstance? Love make us so unreasonable. A twelve month ago he would have been ready to affirm that he could bear anything for the knowledge that the girl whose affection he had been compelled to resign, did not utterly despise him. Now he knows that it is true, and thinks the truth but an aggravation of the insurmountable barriers that Fate has raised between them.

"If I were only a worse fellow than I am," he thinks impatiently, as he travels back to

town—"If I were as careless as half the fellows that I meet, I should scatter every obstacle to the wind, and make myself happy in my own way; but it would break dad's heart; and on the top of losing dear old Bob, too!"

The question, whether the woman by means of whom he would like to be "happy in his own way" would aid and abet his unholy wishes does not enter into his calculations just then. Had there been any probability of their fulfilment, she might have done so, and Lord Muiraven would have found his level. But it flatters him to think that Irene's virtue and respectability are the magnanimous gifts of his powers of self-control. He forgets that she even forbade his speaking to her on the subject, and feels quite like Sir Galahad, or St. Anthony, or anybody else who was particularly good at resisting temptation (Heaven knows, a place in the Calendar is small enough reward for so rare a virtue!), as he reviews the circumstances of his visit, and wilfully consigns poor old Colonel Mordaunt to the realms of eternal frizzling.

How the shadow of the Past rise up to mock him now, and tell him that were his wildest speculations realised, there would still remain an obstacle to his asking any woman to become his wife! How he curses that obstacle and his own folly, as he dashes onward to the metropolis! and how many of his fellow-passengers that day may not—had they indulged them—have had similar thoughts to his! It is the misfortune of this miserable purblind existence that we must either loiter timidly along the road of life, permitting ourselves to be out-distanced at each step, or rush onward with the ruck, pell-mell, helter-skelter, stumbling over a stone here, rushing headlong against a dead wall there—on, on, with scarce a thought to what we have left behind us and no knowledge as to what lies before—straining, pushing, striving, wrestling—and the devil take the hind-most.

What wonder if we oftener fall than stand, and that the aforesaid gentleman does take a pretty considerable number of us!

Muiraven cannot bear the presence of that Nemesis; and the endeavor to outwit it drives him wild for a few days; after which he runs up to Scotland, startling Lord Norham with his eccentric behavior, until the time arrives for him to cross the Channel with his cousin Stratford and meet the outward-bound steamer at Brindisi. The voyage does him good. There is no panacea for dispersing miserable thoughts like lots of bustle and moving about—and it is very difficult to be love-sick in the company of a set of excellent fellows who will not leave you for a moment to yourself, but keep you smoking, drinking, laughing and chaffing from morning till night. There are times, of course, when the remembrance of Irene comes back to him—in his berth, at night, for instance; but Muiraven is no sentimentalist: he loves her dearly, but he feels more disposed to curse than cry when he remembers her—although the only thing he curses is his own fate and hers. He reaches Bengal in safety, and for the next few months his cousin and he are up country, "pig-sticking," and made much of amongst those regiments with the members of which they are acquainted. During his absence, Muiraven hears no news except such as is connected with his own family. His brother is married (it was a great cause of offence to the Robertson family that he did not remain in England till the important ceremony was over) and his old father feels lonely without Cecil, and wants his eldest son back again. Muiraven also beginning to feel rather home-sick and as though he had had enough of India, Christmas finds him once more at Berwick Castle: paler and thinner perhaps than he looked on leaving England; but the heat of the climate of Bengal is more than sufficient to account for such trifling changes. He arrives just in time for the anniversary; and a week afterwards, he wants to return to London, being anxious (so he says) about the case of certain valuables which he purchased in Calcutta months ago, and sent home round the Cape. Lord Norham suggests that his agent will do all that is necessary concerning them; but Muiraven considers it absolutely important that he should be on the spot himself. The fact is, he is hankering after news of Irene again; the dead silence of the last six months respecting her begins to oppress him like some hideous nightmare; the false excitement is over and the ruling passion regains its ascendancy. What if anything should have happened to her in his absence? Notwithstanding her prohibition to the contrary, he sent her a note on his return to England, simply telling the fact and expressing a hope that they might soon meet again; but to this letter he has received no answer. He becomes restlessly impatient to hear something—anything, and trusts to the despatch of a cargo of Indian and Chinese toys, which he has brought home for Tommy, to break again the ice between them. It is this hope that brings him up to London, determined to see after the arrival of these keys to Irene's heart himself.

They are all safe but one—the very case which he thinks most of, which is crammed to the lid with those wonderful sky-blue elephants, and crimson horses, spotted dogs, which the natives of Surat turn and color, generation after generation, without entertaining, apparently, the slightest doubt of their fidelity to nature. It was consigned, amongst many others, to the care of Calcutta agent for shipment and address; and Muiraven is at first almost afraid that it has been left behind. His cousin Stratford suggests that they shall go down to the Docks and inquire after it themselves.

"Queer place, the Docks, Muiraven! Have you ever been there? It's quite a new sensation, I assure you, to see the heaps of bales and casks and cases, and to hear all the row that goes on amongst them. Let's go, if you've got nothing else to do, this morning. I know that it'll amuse you."

And so they visit the Docks in company.

There is no trouble about the missing case. It turns up almost as soon as they mention it, and proves to have come to no worse grief than having its direction obliterated by the leakage of a barrel of tar. So, having had their minds set at rest with respect to Tommy's possessions, Muiraven and Stratford link arms and stroll through the Docks together, watching the business going on around them with keen interest. They look rather singular and out of place, these two fashionably dressed and aristocratic young men, amongst the rough sailors and porters, the warehousemen, negroes, and foreigners of all descriptions that crowd the Docks. Many looks are directed after them as they pass by, and many remarks, not all complimentary to their rank, are made as soon as they are considered out of hearing. But as they reach a point which seems devoted to the stowage of bales of cotton or some such goods, a rough-looking young fellow, a porter, apparently, who has just had a huge bale hoisted on to his shoulders by a companion, with an exclamation of surprise lets it roll backwards to the earth again, and stepping forward, directly blocks their pathway.

"Now, my good fellow!" says Muiraven carelessly, as though to warn him that he is intruding.

"What are yer arter?" remonstrates the other workman, who has been knocked over by the receding bale.

"I beg your pardon," says Joel Cray, addressing Muiraven (for Joel, of course, it is), "but, if I don't mistake, you goes by the name of 'Amilton'?"

This is by no means the grandiloquent appeal by which he has often dreamed of, figuratively speaking, knocking his adversary over before he goes in without any figure of speech at all, and "settles his hash for him."

But how seldom are events which we have dreamed of fulfilled in their proper course!

That man (or woman) that jilted us! With what a torrent of fiery eloquence did we intend to overwhelm them for their perfidy when first we met them, face to face; and how weakly, in reality, do we accept their proffered hand, and express a hope we see them well! Our ravings are mostly confined to our four-posters. This prosaic nineteenth century affords us so few opportunities of showing off our rhetorical powers!

On Joel's face, although it is January and he is standing in the teeth of a cold north wind, the sweat has already risen; and the hand he dares not raise, hangs clenched by his side. Still, he is a servant in a public place, surrounded by spectators—and he may be mistaken! Which facts flash through his mind in a moment, and keep him quiescent in his rival's path, looking not much more dangerous than any other impatient, half-doubting man might be.

"As sure as I live," he repeats somewhat huskily, "you goes by the name of 'Amilton,' sir!"

"Is he drunk?" says Muiraven, appealing to the bystanders. "It's rather early in the day for it. Stand out of my way—will you?"

"What do you want with the gentleman?" demands his fellow-workman.

"Satisfaction!" roars Joel, nettled by the manner of his adversary into showing something like the rage he feels. "You're the man, sir! It's no use your denying of it. I've searched for you high and low, and now I've found you, you don't go without answering to me for her ruin. You may be a gentleman, but you haven't acted like one; and I'll have my revenge on you, or die for it!"

A crowd has collected round them now, and things begin to look rather unpleasant.

"We're going to have a row," says Stratford gleefully, as he prepares to take off his coat.

"Nonsense, Stratford! The fellow's drunk, or mad. I cannot have you mixed up with a crew like this. If you don't move out of my way and stop your infernal insolence," he continues to Joel Cray, "I'll hand you over to a policeman."

"I am not insolent—I only tell you the truth, and the whole world may know it. Your name's 'Amilton.' You ruined a poor girl, under a promise of marriage, and left her and her child to perish of grief and hunger! And, as sure as there's a God in heaven, I'll make you answer for your wickedness towards 'em!"

"Ugh!" groans the surrounding crowd of navvies, always ready, at the least excuse, to take part against the "bloated hairestocracy."

"I don't know what you're talking about. You must have mistaken me for some one else," replies Muiraven, who cannot resist refuting such an accusation.

"Surely you are not going to parley with the man!" interposes Stratford.

"You don't know of such a place as Hoxford, may be?" shouts Joel, with an inflamed countenance, and a clenched fist, this time brought well to the front—"nor of such a village as Fretterley?—nor you've never heard tell of such a girl as Myra Cray? Ah! I thought I'd make you remember!" as Muiraven, turning deadly white, takes a step backward. "Let go, mates—let me have at him, the d—d thief, who took the gal from me first and ruined her afterwards!"

But they hold him back, three or four of

them at a time, fearing the consequences of anything like personal violence.

"Muiraven, speak to him! What is the matter?" says his cousin impatiently, as he perceives his consternation.

"I cannot," he replies at first; and then, as though fighting with himself, he stands upright and confronts Joel boldly.

"What have you to tell me of Myra Cray? Where is she? What does she want of me? Why has she kept her hiding-place a secret for so long?"

"Why did you never take the trouble to look after her?" retorts Joel. "Why did you leave her to die of a broken heart? Answer me that!"

"To die! Is she dead?" he says in a low voice.

"Ay! she's out of your clutches—you needn't be afraid of that, mister—nor will ever be in them again, poor lass! And there's nothing remains to be done now, but to take my satisfaction out of you."

"And how do you propose to take it? Do you wish to fight me?" demands Muiraven, calmly.

"Better not, mate!" says one of his comrades in a whisper.

"Bleed him!" suggests another, in the same tone.

As for Joel, the quiet question takes him at a disadvantage. He doesn't know what to make of it.

"When a feller's bin wronged," he begins, awkwardly—

"He demands satisfaction," continues Muiraven. "I quite agree with you. That idea holds good in my class as much as in yours. But you seem to know very little more than the facts of this case. Suppose I can prove to you that the poor girl you speak of was not wronged by met what then?"

"You've bin a deal too 'asty," whispers one of his friends.

"But your name's 'Amilton'—ain't it?" says Joel, mistily.

"It is one of my names. But that is nothing to the purpose. Far from shirking inquiry, I am very anxious to hear all you can tell me about Myra Cray. When can you come home with me? Now?"

"Muiraven! in Heaven's name—is this one of your infernal little scrapes?" says Stratford.

"In Heaven's name, hold your tongue for the present, and you shall know all. Is there any reason why this man should not accompany me to my place of residence?" continues Muiraven, addressing one of the bystanders.

"He can go well enough, if he likes to. He's only here by the job."

"Will you come, then?" to Joel.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say," returns Joel, sheepishly. "Tain't what I call satisfaction to be going 'ome with a gentleman."

"Come with me first, and then, if I don't give you entire satisfaction with respect to this business, we will fight it out your own way afterwards."

"Gentleman can't say fairer than that," is the verdict of the crowd. So Joel Cray, shamefacedly enough, and feeling as though all his grand schemes for revenge had melted into thin air, follows Muiraven and Stratford out of the Docks, whilst his companions adjourn to drink the health of his enemy in the nearest public-house.

"Where are you going to take him?" demands Stratford, as a couple of hansoms obey his cousin's whistle.

"To Saville Moxon's. You must come with us, Hal. I have been living under a mask for the last five years; but it is time I should be true at last."

"True at last! What humbug, Muiraven! As if all the world didn't know—"

"Hush, Hal!—you pain me. The world knows as much about me as it does of every one else."

Saville Moxon—now a barrister, who has distinguished himself on more than one occasion—lives in the Temple. Fifteen minutes bring them to his chambers, where they find him hard at work amongst his papers.

"I feel beastly awkward," says Muiraven, with a conscious laugh, as Moxon is eager to learn the reason of their appearance in such strange company; "but I've got a confession to make, Moxon, and the sooner it's over the better. Now, my good fellow, pass on."

This last request is addressed to Joel, who, half doubting whether he shall make his cause good after all, recapitulates, in his rough manner, the whole history of Myra's return to Priestley—the birth of her child—her aimless searches after her betrayer—and, lastly, her unexpected death.

Muiraven starts slightly, and changes color as the child is mentioned; but otherwise, he hears the sad story through unmoved. The other two men sit by in silence, waiting his leave to express their astonishment at the intelligence.

"Poor Myra!" says Muiraven thoughtfully, as Joel, whose voice has been rather shaky towards the end, brings his tale to a conclusion.

"I don't wonder you thought badly of me, my friend; but there is something to be said on both sides. I never wronged your cousin—"

"You say that to my face!" commences Joel, his wrath all ready to boil over again at such a supposition.

"Stay! Yes—I repeat it. The person whom I most wronged in the transaction was myself. Her name was not Myra Cray, but Myra Keir. She was my wife."

"Your wife!" repeats Joel, staring vacantly.

"Good God!" exclaims Saville Moxon.

"Muiraven! are you mad?" says Stratford.

"My dear fellows, do you think I'd say a thing of this kind for the mere purpose of sneaking out of a scrape? You know what our ideas

are on the subject. What man of the world would blame very deeply, a youthful *liaison* between a college freshman and a pretty barmaid? But this was no passing frailty of mine. I met this girl, formed an attachment for her, brought her up to London, married her privately in the old church of St. Sepulchre, and settled her at Fretterley, whence she—she—left me."

And Muiraven, leaning back against the mantelpiece, sets his teeth at that remembrance, and looks sternly down upon the heart-rug, although it all happened so many years ago.

"She left you—yes," cries Joel, "but not before you had near broke her poor 'art with your unkindness, sir. And she came back, poor lamb, to her own people and her own 'ouse, and died there, like a dog in a ditch."

"She left the house I had provided for her with—with some one else," says Muiraven, frowning.

"She left it with me, sir, her own cousin, who wouldn't have hurt a hair of her head. I searched for her long, and I found her un'appy and wretched, and I persuaded of her to come back 'ome with me; thinking as you had wronged her, for she never said a word of her being married, poor lass, from that day to the day of her death."

"She had sworn to me she would not, knowing how fatal the consequences might be of such a confession. Now, Moxon, you know all. Had my wife remained with me, I might perhaps have summoned up courage before now to tell my father the truth; but she left me—as I thought to disgrace herself—and though I searched for her in every direction, I was unable to obtain any clue to her destination. Then I went abroad—you remember the time—and hoped to forget it all, but the memory has clung to me like a curse ever since, until I met this fellow to-day in the Docks. Else I might have gone on to all eternity, considering myself still fettered by this early *mésalliance*. And the child died too, you say?" turning again to Joel. "Was it a boy?"

"The child ain't dead no more than you are," replies Joel gruffly, for he has been cheated out of his revenge, and no one seems the better for it. "He's a strong chap of four year old, all alive and kicking, and if you're the gentleman you pretend to be you'll provide for him as a gentleman should."

"Alive! Good heavens! and four years old! How this complicates matters! Moxon, that child is my legitimate heir."

"Of course he is, if you were married. But where is he? that's the next thing to ascertain. With your family, eh?" turning to Joel.

"No, he ain't bin along of 'em since his mother's death, for there was a lady at Priestley—the only creature as was good to my poor lass when she lay dyin'—and she was real kind, God bless 'er; and the poor gal, she died on her bosom, as they tell me; and afterwards Mrs. Mordaunt—that was the lady—she took Tommy along with her up to the Court and—"

"Tommy! The Court! Good God! do you mean to tell me that the boy you speak of, Myra Cray's child, was adopted by Mrs. Mordaunt of Fen Court, the wife of Colonel Mordaunt, of—"

"In course, the Colonel's lady; and she makes a deal of him, too, so they say. But still, if he's yours, sir, you're the proper person to look after him, and I shan't call it justice if you don't."

"Stratford, you know the box of toys we went after to-day?"

"That you kicked up such a shindy about? Yes."

"It is for that child that I brought them home."

"Did you know of this then?"

"Not a word; but I have stayed with the Mordaunts, and seen him. And to think he should be my own. How extraordinary!"

"Deuced inconvenient, I should say. What do you mean to do next?"

"Go down to Priestley at the earliest opportunity. You'll come with me, Hal?"

"Better take Moxon, he may be of use. I'm none."

Then Moxon agrees to go; and they talk excitedly together for a few minutes, and almost forget poor Joel, who is anxiously awaiting the upshot of it all.

"Well, are you satisfied, or do you still wish to fight me?" says Muiraven to him presently.

"I suppose I've no call to fight you, sir, if you really married her; but I must say I should like to see the lines."

"You shall see them, Cray, for her sake as well as mine. And, meanwhile, what can I do for you?"

"I want nothing now, sir, but to go home again and look after mother and the little 'uns."

"I cannot talk more to you at present, but you may be sure I shall see that none of her relations want. Here is my address—giving a card—any one will tell you where it is. Come to me there to-morrow evening, and we will consult what I can do to best prove my friendship to you." Upon which Muiraven puts out his hand and grasps Joel's rough palm, and the poor, honest, blundering soul, feeling anything but victorious, and yet with a load lifted off his bosom turns to grope his way downstairs.

"Don't you lose that card," says Stratford, who steps outside the door to show him where to go; "for I am sure his Lordship will prove a good friend to you, if you will let him be so."

"His Lordship!" repeats Joel, wonderingly; "which be a Lord? the little 'un?"

"No, no, the gentleman whom you call Hamilton. His real name is Lord Muiraven; you must not forget that."

"A Lord—a real Lord—and he was married to my poor lass! No wonder it killed her! And that child, Tommy, a Lord's son. Darn it, how little difference there is between 'em when they're covered with dirt." And the first chuckle that has left Joel's lips for many a long month, breaks from them as he steps carefully down the steep staircase, and ponders on the wonderful truth he has been told. 'A Lord's son,' he repeats, as he gains the street, and proceeds to shuffle back to the Docks again. "That brat a Lord's son! Now, I wonder if my poor lass knew it all along; or, if not, if it makes her heel a bit easier to know it now."

"Muiraven and Moxon have a long conversation together as they travel down to Glottonbury."

"I conclude this early marriage of yours was what people call a love-match, eh?" remarks the latter inquisitively.

Muiraven colors.

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but love appears to us in such a different light, you know, when we come to a maturer age."

"Never having had any experience in that respect, can't say I do know."

"You are lucky," with a sigh. "What I mean to say is, that at the time I certainly thought I loved her. She was just the style of woman to inflame a boy's first passion—pretty features, perfect shape, and a certain air of abandon about her. And then she was several years older than myself!"

"Ah! I understand."

"I was not 'hooked,' if you mean that," says Muiraven quickly.

"I never knew a fellow yet, my dear boy, who acknowledged that he had been. But when a gentleman, under age—"

"I was two and twenty."

"Never mind. You were as green as a school-boy. When a man, in your station of life, I repeat, is drawn into marriage with a woman from a class inferior to his own, and older than himself, you may call it what you choose, but the world in general with call it 'hooking.'"

"Well, don't let us talk of it at all, then," says Muiraven.

"All right; we'll change the subject. How beastly cold it is."

Yet, do what they will, the conversation keeps veering round to the forbidden topic till Muiraven has made a clean breast of it to his friend. Arrived at Glottonbury they make round about inquiries concerning Priestley and the Mordaunts, and there our hero learns, for the first time, of the Colonel's death and the subsequent departure of his widow. So that it is no surprise to Moxon and himself to be received by Oliver only when they present themselves at Fen Court.

Of course the natural astonishment excited by the assertion that Tommy is Lord Muiraven's lawful heir has to be allayed by the explanation given above. And then Oliver, who has received the golden key to the mystery that has puzzled them, and knows much more about it than Saville Moxon, becomes quite friendly and intimate with Muiraven and wants him to stay at the Court, and when his invitation is declined on the score of his visitor's anxiety to find Mrs. Mordaunt and the boy, shakes hands with him warmly, applauding his zeal, and wishing him all success in his undertaking, with an enthusiasm that awakens the barrister's suspicions.

"What the deuce was that fellow so friendly about?" he inquires, as they journey back to town. "Why is he so anxious you should neither eat, drink, nor sleep till you get on the track of old Mordaunt's widow?"

"Why, you know perfectly well she has the boy."

"What is that? she won't eat him, I suppose; and what difference can a day, more or less, make to you before you see him?"

"You have evidently not much idea of paternal affection," says Muiraven, as he strikes a fusee on the heel of his boot.

"Well, where the father has never seen his child, and didn't even know he had got one—I can't say I have."

"I have already told you that I have seen him."

"And liked him?"

"Very much! He is a charming little child!"

"Indeed! How curious! Now, I wonder if your liking for him arose from a natural instinct, or from any extraneous circumstances that may have surrounded him. That question would form rather a neat psychological study."

"I don't follow you, Moxon."

"No? By the way, Muiraven, what became of that girl—now, what was her name?—Miss—Miss—St. John, wasn't it?—whom you were so keen after, a few seasons ago?"

"Keen after! How you do exaggerate, Moxon. Why she—she is Mrs. Mordaunt. I thought you knew that!"

"Oh!" says Moxon quietly.

"Pray have you anything more to say on this subject?" remarks his friend presently, with some degree of pique.

"Nothing whatever, my dear fellow—nothing whatever. Only pray let us do all in our power to get on the track of that charming child as soon as possible."

"Moxon, I hate you!" says Muiraven shortly.

But he cannot afford to dispense with his aid nevertheless. The next day finds them at La-burnum Cottage, the residence of Mrs. Cavendish; and even that lady's state of flutter in receiving one of the aristocracy in her tiny drawing-room, cannot prevent her treating them to a burst of indignation at the conduct of her niece.

"So wrong,—so very wrong!"—she affirms, with just a sufficient chance of breaking down to render it necessary to hold her cambric handkerchief in her hand—"so unusual—so peculiar—so strange of Mrs. Mordaunt to leave us without the slightest clue to her place of residence. And she might die, you know, my Lord, or anything else, and not a soul near her. I'm sure I feel quite ashamed if any one asks after her. And there was not the least occasion for concealment; though, as I always say, we can expect no one to believe it."

"Mrs. Mordaunt has probably her own reasons for acting as she does."

"Oh, you are very good, to make excuses for her, my Lord. But she was always wilfully inclined. And the Colonel, whom we thought so much of, has behaved so badly to her, leaving all his money away to his nephew; and then, to make matters worse, Irene will continue to keep a dirty little boy whom she picked up in the village, although—"

"That dirty little boy is my son, Mrs. Cavendish."

Mrs. Cavendish turns pale—starts, and puts up her handkerchief to her eyes. It cannot be true; and, if it is, that he should stand there and confess it! What are the aristocracy coming to?

Saville Moxon is so afraid the lady is about to faint, that he rushes to the rescue, giving her the whole story in about two words. Upon which she revives, and becomes as enthusiastic as Oliver was.

"Oh, my Lord, I beg a thousand pardons! I used the word 'dirty' most unadvisedly. Of course she has kept him scrupulously clean, and has treated him just like her own child. And I always said—it was the remark of every one—that an aristocratic-looking boy he was. How surprised—how charmed she will be! Oh, you must find her; I am sure it cannot be so difficult. And I believe she's in England, though that horrid old Walsley will rot tell."

"You think he knows her address, then?"

"I am sure of it; but it's no use asking him. I've begged and implored of him to tell me, but the most he will do is to forward my letters; and Irene always answers them through him, and there's an end of it."

"And she is well?" demands Muiraven anxiously.

"Oh, the dear child's quite well, my Lord," replies Mrs. Cavendish, mistaking the pronoun; "you need have no fear of that. Her letters are full of nothing but Tommy. She little thinks whom she has got the charge of. She will be proud, I am sure."

"I am afraid we must leave you now," says her visitor, rising, "as we must try and see Mr. Walsley to-day."

"Oh, can't you stay a few minutes longer—just ten? No! Well, then, good-bye, my Lord, and I hope you will let me know as soon as you have traced my niece."

And Mrs. Cavendish, much to her chagrin, is left alone; for Mary, who has been upstairs all this time changing her dress, descends to the drawing-room in her new blue merino, all ready to captivate his Lordship, just as his Lordship's tall figure disappears outside the garden gate.

"Just a minute too late! What a pity!" thinks Mrs. Cavendish, as she puts up her eyeglass to watch the departure of the two young men. "Well, he certainly is a fine-looking man. And fancy his being a widower! Not but what I think my Mary would be too sensible to object to that. And if the child were in the way, why, I daresay Irene wouldn't mind continuing the charge, as she seems so fond of it. Well, all I hope is, he'll come again, and I'll take good care next time that Mary is ready dressed to receive him. Such a chance to throw away! If he'd only seen her as she looks now, the girl's fortune would have been made."

Old Walsley, the solicitor, is a tougher customer to deal with than either of them anticipated and even Saville Moxon finds it beyond his skill to worm out anything from him that he doesn't choose to tell.

"It's all very well, gentlemen," he says, in answer to their combined entreaties, "but you're asking me to betray the confidence of one of my clients, which is a thing I've never done during a practice of five and thirty years, and which I don't intend to begin doing now."

"But, look here, Mr. Walsley," says Muiraven, "surely, under the circumstances, I have a right to demand Mrs. Mordaunt's address: she is detaining my child from me."

"Then you can write and demand the child, my Lord, and the letter shall be duly forwarded to her."

"But she may not answer it."

"I think that very unlikely."

"But I want to see the child."

"I am sure my client will not detain it an hour longer than it is her due."

"But I want to see her," he bursts out impatiently.

Old Walsley looks at him over his spectacles.

"I think you were the Honorable Eric Keir, my Lord?"

"What of it?"

"I was in the late Mrs. St. John's entire confidence," Muiraven reddens.

"Well, if you were, you know the reason why I disappointed her. I have just told it you. I was a married man—I am a widower!"

"And Mrs. Mordaunt is a widow!"

"Exactly so. Moxon, for heaven's sake, can't you find something more interesting to stare at than myself? Now, will you give me her address, Mr. Walsley?"

"I see no further reason for it, my Lord. You can still write."

"This is too hard," cries Muiraven impetuously, as he jumps up from his seat, and commences striding up and down the solicitor's office. "My tongue has been tied for years. I have banished myself from her presence; I have even left home in order to avoid the temptation of speaking to her; and, now that the opportunity presents itself—now that at last I am able—to—"

"Go on Muiraven," says Moxon encouragingly, "to claim my charming child."

"You shan't go down with me, wherever it is, for one," replies Muiraven, flushing up to the roots of his hair, as he tries to turn off his rhapsody with an uneasy laugh. "Mr. Walsley, is there no hope for me?"

"None that I shall betray Mrs. Mordaunt's confidence, my Lord."

Muiraven sighs.

"Well, I suppose I must content myself with writing, then."

"But if," continues the old lawyer, sily—"if you were to set yourselves to guess the place where my client has hidden herself, why—why—"

"What then?" eagerly.

"I should be very much annoyed, my Lord—exceedingly annoyed; indeed," with a low chuckle, "were you to guess right, I think I should—I should—"

"What should you do?"

"Get up and leave the room, and slam the door behind me."

"Come on, Moxon," says Muiraven gleefully, as he draws a chair to the table again. "Let's begin and guess all the places in England alphabetically, till we come to the right one."

"But I don't know any of them. I've forgotten all about my geography," replies Moxon.

"Oh, nonsense; it's as easy as can be. Now for A: Aldersgate (oh, no! that's in London). Aylesbury, Aberdeen, A—A—. Bother it! which are the places that begin with A?"

"Ammersmith," suggests Moxon; at which old Walsley laughs.

"If you're going to play the fool, I give it up," says Muiraven sulkily.

"All right, dear old fellow! I thought it did begin with A. Arundel, Aberystwith, Axminster. There are three proper ones for you instead."

"Alnwick, Alresford, Andover," continues his friend; and then, after a long pause, "There are no more A's. Let's go on to B. Bristol, Brighton, Birmingham, Balmoral, Baltimore—"

"Stay; that's in America, old boy! Basingstoke, Bath, Beaumont. Doesn't it remind one of 'I love my love with a B, because she is Beautiful. I hate her with a B, because she is Bumptious.'"

"Can't you be sane for five minutes together, Moxon? If this matter is sport to you, remember it's death to me."

"Better give it up, Muiraven, and write instead. You can't expect to go on at this rate and keep your senses. To go through all the towns in the United Kingdom, alphabetically, would ruin the finest mental constitution. Perhaps, Mr. Walsley could oblige us with a Gazetteer."

"I don't keep such a thing at my office, sir."

"Let's try C, at all events, Moxon, and then I will think about writing the letter. Cambridge, Canterbury, Carlisle, Cardiff, Cheltenham, Chester, Chatham—"

"Canton, Caribee, Islands," interposes Moxon.

"Chichester, Cornwall, Clifton," goes on Muiraven, with silent contempt; "Croydon, Cocklebury—Hollo! Moxon (startling), what's that?" as a loud slam of the office door interrupts his dreamy catalogue.

"Only that Walsley has rushed out of the room as if the old gentleman were after him."

"But what did I say?"

"Nothing that I know of. You were jabbering over your towns beginning with C."

"But the word—the word—was it Croydon or Cocklebury? Don't you understand? I have hit the right one at last! By Jove! what luck!" He is beaming all over, as he speaks, with love and expectation.

"I suppose you must have; but I'm whipped if I know which it can be."

"It's Cocklebury. I'm sure it's Cocklebury. It can't be Croydon. No one who wanted to hide would go to Croydon. It must be Cocklebury!"

"And where the deuce is Cocklebury?"

"Down in Hampshire, the most out-of-the-way place in the world. I was there once for a few days fishing; but how the name came into my head beats me altogether. It was Providence or inspiration that put it there. But it's all right now. I don't care for anything else. I shall go down to Cocklebury to-night." And leaping up from his chair, Muiraven commences to button his great-coat and draw on his gloves again preparatory to a start.

"Hum!" says Moxon. "You promised to see that man Cray to-night."

"You can see him for me. You can tell him all I should have done. There is no personal feeling in the matter."

"Cocklespillbury, or whatever its name is, being an obscure fishing hamlet, there is probably not another train to it to-day."

"Oh, nonsense! there is a train—there must be a train—there shall be a train!"

"All right! And if not, you can have a special. Money's no object."

"Moxon, I always thought you were rather a well-meaning fellow; but it strikes me that you've not got much feeling in this matter."

"I always thought you were a man of sense; but it strikes me that you're going to make an ass of yourself."

"Do you want to quarrel with me?" says Muiraven grandly, as he steps opposite to his friend.

"Not in the least, my dear fellow; but if anything could make us quarrel, it would be to see you acting with so little forethought."

"Ah, Moxon, you don't know what it is to—"

"To be the father of 'a charming child,' no; but if I were, I am sure I should defer seeing him till to-morrow."

"Gentlemen, have you left off saying your A B C?" demands old Walmsley, as he puts his head in again at the door.

"My dear, sir, I am so much obliged to you," exclaims Muiraven, seizing his hand with unnecessary warmth.

"I am rejoiced to hear it, my Lord; but what for?"

"For telling me Mrs. Mordaunt's address."

"I'm sure I never told you that. It's against all my principles to betray a client's confidence."

"But for slamming the door in that delightful manner. It comes to the same thing, you know. Cocklebury in Hampshire. There can't be two Cockleburys. And now I must be off to see if I can get a train down there to-night."

"I can satisfy you on that point, my Lord. No train stopping at the nearest station to Cocklebury leaves town after two o'clock."

"The devil!" says Muiraven.

"Come, Muiraven, be reasonable. Keep your appointment with Cray this evening, and don't think of leaving London till to-morrow."

"He can't do it," interposes the solicitor drily.

"He is equal to anything: he will bestride a forty-horse power bicycle if I don't prevent him," replies Moxon, laughing.

But Muiraven does not laugh. All the light seems to have faded out of his face.

"You are right, Moxon," he says gloomily. "Take me home, and do what you will with me. I am worse than a child."

Old Walmsley sees them go with a sly chuckle and a rub of the hands.

"Hope I haven't departed from my principles," he thinks to himself; "but I couldn't have sent him away without it. Poor young thing. How it will brighten up her dull life to see him. And if it should come right at last—and it looks very much to me as if it were coming right—why—why, I hope they'll let me draw up the settlements—that's all."

Joel Cray's untutored mind is vastly astonished by the reception which he receives at Lord Muiraven's hands that evening.

"I hope you understand perfectly," says his host, when, after considerable difficulty, he has induced the rough creature to take a chair and sit down beside him, "that I had no idea but that my wife had left me with another man, else I should have advertised openly for her, or set the detective officers to find out her address. But feared that discovery would only lead to an exposure of my own dishonor, and preferred the silent, solitary life I have adhered to since. Could I have known that Myra was still true to me, I would have risked everything to place her in the position she had a right to claim."

"She was true to you, sir, and no mistake; for I don't mind a-telling you now, that I tried hard to make her my wife; but 'twern't of no good. She always stuck to it that she couldn't forget you; and till strength failed her, she was on her feet a-tramping after you."

"Whilst I was out of the country, trying to forget the disgrace which I thought attached to me. Poor Myra!"

"She's dead and done with, sir. It's no use our a-pipin' nor a-quarrellin' over her any more."

"You speak very sensibly, Cray; but at the same time, I am anxious to show you that I regret the past, and should like to make some amends for it, if possible. I cannot let any of Myra's relations want. You tell me you are going back to Priestley. What do you do there?"

"I'm a day laborer, sir—my Lord, I mean," with a touch of his hair.

"And your mother?"

"She takes in washin', my Lord, and has five little 'uns to keep on it."

"It is those five little ones I wish to help her and you to maintain; so I've placed with my friend here, Mr. Moxon, who is a lawyer, two thousand pounds to be disposed of as you may think best; either placed in the bank to your credit, or laid out in the purchase of land, or in any way that may most conduce to your comfort."

"Two—thousand—pounds!" repeats Joel, with drawn-out incredulous wonder, as he rises from his chair.

"Yes! that will bring you in about sixty pounds a year; or if you expend it in a little farm—"

"Two—thousand—pounds!" reiterates the laborer slowly, "it ain't true, sir, surely?"

"I would not deceive you, Cray. I give it you, not as compensation for your cousin's blighted life, remember, but as a token that if I could I would have prevented her unhappiness. I loved her, Cray; didn't marry her to desert her. She deserted me."

Joel's dirty, horny hand comes forth, timidly, but steadily, to meet Muiraven's.

"May I do it, sir? God bless you for them words. They're more than all the money to me. And if the poor gal can hear them too, I believe heaven looks the brighter to her. You're very good, sir. I ask your pardon humbly for all my bad thoughts towards you, and I hope as you'll get a good wife and a true wife yet. That'll be neither shame nor blame to you."

"Thank you, Cray. I hope before long you'll do the same, and teach your children that gentlemen have hearts sometimes as well as poorer men. I shall always take an interest in you and your doings, and my friend here will see that the money I spoke of is handed over to you as soon as you are ready to receive it."

"I don't know about the marrying, my Lord," says Joel sheepishly, "for it seems a troublous business at the best to me; but there'll be plenty of prayers going up for you from Priestley, and the worst I wishes for you is that they may bring you all the luck you deserve."

"And to think," he continues to himself as he returns to his own home, "that that there's the chap I swore by my poor gal's grave to bring to judgment for her wrongs!"

The eleven o'clock train next day takes Muiraven down to the nearest town to Cocklebury. All by himself: he has positively refused to travel any more in Moxon's company. Two hours bring him to the place; but there is no hotel there, only an old-fashioned inn, with rafted ceilings and diamond-shaped windows, called "The Coach and Horses," where our hero is compelled to put up and dine, whilst he sends a messenger over to Cocklebury. He has not come down unarmed, for he sat up late last night, writing a long detailed account to Mrs. Mordaunt of his early marriage and his wife's identity, so that the worst may be over before he and Irene meet again. And this letter, which winds up with an entreaty that he may go over at once to Cocklebury to see and claim his child, he despatches as soon as possible to Irene's residence, striving meanwhile to beguile his impatience by an attempt to masticate the freshly-killed beef which the landlady of the "Coach and Horses" places before him, and which only results to its emptying the flask of cognac he has brought with him, and walking up and down the cold, musty-smelling, unused town, until he has nearly worked himself into a fever with impatience and suspense. How he pictures her feelings on opening that important packet! She will shed a few tears, perhaps, at first, poor darling, to learn he has ever stood in so close a relationship to any other woman; but they will soon dry up beneath the feverish delight with which she will recognise the truth that he is once more free—that they are both free, to love and comfort one another. Ah! that he could but be on the spot to comfort her now! What is this fool of a messenger about not to return? It is not half a mile to Cocklebury! Why did he not go himself?

Peace! patience! He knows that he has done what is most right and proper in sending an avant-courier to apprise her of his coming; and it will not— it cannot be long before he holds her in his arms again.

In his arms! God of heaven! how they tremble at the thought—in his arms!—that have seemed so many times to fold her sweet self against his heart, and closed upon the empty air instead! In his arms! His darling—his Irene—the one love of his life! He will kiss away her tears; he will pour his protestations of fidelity in her ear—he will have the right now to explain everything—to atone for everything—to offer her the rest of his existence for reparation for the past! And she—his injured angel—his dear, suffering martyr—what a vista of happiness will open out before her!—what—Hark! what is that? A tap at the door.

"Come in! come in!"

His messenger has returned: the landlady appears before him holding forth an envelope. "Give it me—at once!" He tears it from her hand impetuously, and she says afterwards, with some degree of umbrage, that the gentleman looked more like a hungry wolf at her than a man who had had his dinner at the "Coach and Horses."

The room is dark and gloomy. He takes the precious letter to the window; his hand shakes, so that he can scarcely open it. At last! yes, it is her dear writing. Before he reads it, he presses kisses on the senseless paper:

"MY DEAR LORD MUIRAVEN,

"I have received your letter. I need not tell you that its contents were a great surprise to me. I was aware, from certain papers belonging to his mother, and confided to me after her death, that my adopted child was your son; but I was little prepared to hear that he had been born in wedlock. For his sake, I sincerely rejoice that it should be so. I can fully enter into your natural anxiety to claim and acknowledge him, and I will send him to you with as little delay as possible. But you must forgive me for declining your kind offer to visit me here, for I have literally seen no one since my dear husband's death, and feel quite unequal to the task of receiving visitors. If you will be so good as to let me know how and when Tommy is to join you, I will be careful to see your wishes are attended to."

"Believe me yours sincerely,

"IRENE MORDAUNT."

She will not see him—will not receive him at her house. What devil's charm is again at work to circumvent their meeting?

(To be continued.)

SPRING MEMORIES.

BY J. SUSANNA.

Unclose the gate with gentle touch,
And lightly tread the fragrant ground—
The stillness of the wood is such
I fear to break it with a sound.
It seems to me these temples wide
By silence best are sanctified.

Since one who walked these paths with me,
And learned with me their Spring-tide lore
Of swelling bud and waving tree,
Hath passed from earth for evermore,
I cannot see the young leaves wave,
And quite forget that wayside grave.

But just as bright the violets blow,
And just as sweetly sing the birds,
As when we wandered long ago,
And felt our joy too deep for words;
Since then as vainly have I sought
To tell the grief the hours have brought.

The bounteous fulness of the Spring
Had thrilled our hearts with gratitude;
And when the South wind's whispering
Flowed through the silence of the wood,
The happy tears stood in our eyes—
Earth seemed so like to Paradise.

But even then man's fatal thirst
For knowledge dimmed that hour of bliss;
His words—"Which of us will be first
To gain a fairer world than this?"—
Cold on the happy silence fell
As echoes of a distant knell.

And so it was that, ere the Spring
Had waked again the sleeping flowers,
He had the summons from the King
To know a sweeter Spring than ours,
And, entering on the joys above,
To feel no loss of human love.

'Twas I who felt it—I whose feet
Were faint—whose heart was sick with tears—
Who could not pray for strength to meet
The looming burden of the years.
Still to my soul these memories cling,
New waked by every dawning Spring!

JENNIE'S LIFE-LESSON.

"I've made my choice, auntie; what do you say to it?"

Mrs. Maltravers looked at her niece, who sat before her writing-desk with a couple of open letters in her hand.

"That depends upon which of the two you have chosen," she replied.

"Why, Ralph, of course," laughed Jennie.

The lady looked serious.

"I am sorry, Jennie," she said. "You're not suited to be a poor man's wife; you are too proud, too fond of your own ease and comfort. You had better have followed my advice and accepted John Parker."

Jennie shook her head, showering the golden ringlets in bright confusion over her white temples.

"No, auntie, no! I wouldn't marry John Parker if he were ten times richer than he is, and I'm going to send back his diamonds."

She closed the casket as she spoke, with one last, longing glance at the gleaming stones.

"They are lovely," she sighed; "how I would like to wear them to-night."

Her aunt crossed the room, and smoothed the girl's bright hair as she said—

"You're a little silly, Jennie. You covet Mr. Parker's diamonds—why not accept them, and shine resplendent to-night?"

But Jennie shook her curls with redoubled decision.

"Because I love Ralph, auntie, and would sooner wear this poor little rose of his than to own the queen's jewels."

The fair matron's cold eyes softened as she looked down upon the blushing girl; and she turned to the open casement with a dreamy, far-away look, her memory going back to her own girlhood, and some sweet dream that made it bright. But Mrs. Maltravers had sacrificed her love on the altar of Mammon, and she held it worse than folly to indulge in any such foolish regrets.

"I have always said, Jennie," she continued gravely, "that I would let you have your own choice in regard to marriage. But think well of this. Mr. Hilliard is poor. As his wife you will be subject to all manner of privation, forced to live in a vulgar, common way, to pinch, and stint, and economise, and that won't suit a girl raised as you have been. You love wealth and luxury, and display. You worship costly jewels and beautiful apparel, and John Parker can give you all these, Ralph Hilliard cannot. Think it all over before you make your decision."

"My decision is already made," responded Jennie resolutely. "I shall send back Mr. Parker's diamonds and wear Ralph's poor little rose to-night."

She took up the half-blown bud and set it in a vase, a warm, tender light in her young eyes. Ralph's letter lay open before her. A manly, straightforward declaration of love, an offer of his heart and hand, a true heart, a strong hand, willing to shield her and work for her for ever. If she favored his suit, she was to wear the white rosebud at her birthnight ball that night.

"Yes, I'll wear it," she murmured, as she folded the letter and put it in her pocket, "and, aunt, you'll oblige me by sending a servant to Palace Hill with Mr. Parker's diamonds."

"Very well, my love," and with a stately rustle of her costly silk Mrs. Maltravers swept from the room. Jennie ran for her maid and made ready for her birthnight ball in hot haste; and when Ralph Hilliard entered the glittering drawing-room that night he was transported to the third heaven of delight by seeing his rosebud amid her yellow ringlets.

A few months later they were married, and started on their honeymoon as nappy and hopeful a couple as the sun ever shone on.

Ralph was a lawyer by profession, and also equal to any undertaking, at least in his own brave determination; consequently he felt little or no concern in regard to his young wife's future. He meant to work so hard, and achieve such wonderful things; and as for Jennie herself, she was all enthusiasm—never was woman such a helpmate as she would be.

For the first six months they got on bravely—not that Ralph made any great progress in his profession—but he had some little money in hand, and they rented as pretty a cottage as could be had and Jennie kept a cook and chambermaid, and wore the pretty clothes with which her aunt had provided her, and looked upon marrying a poor man as one of the most delicious things imaginable.

But in course of time funds began to run low, and Ralph saw that it was time to look around him. They gave up the cottage and took rooms in the city; still Ralph could find nothing to do, and they wandered from place to place till the last pound was expended, and Jennie's wardrobe was sorely in need of being replenished. Just then a baby came, a wee, dimpled girl, with a face like a rose-bud. Ralph was the happiest man alive.

"Never fear, Jennie," he said bravely; "let law go to the dogs; I'll take my saw and plane; they'll bring us bread at least."

He went to work like a man, coming home at night with a glow in his handsome eyes that ought to have rewarded Jennie for every privation she suffered; but she had been tenderly raised, and her tastes were luxurious. She wanted a fine house and fine apparel for herself and baby, and it hurt her pride to see her husband brought down to the level of a common laborer. All these things vexed her, till she grew moody and discontented. The wild-rose bloom faded from her cheeks, she got to be careless about her household matters, and slovenly and untidy in her dress.

When Ralph came home, instead of the shining fireside and smiling wife that had once welcomed him, he found a disorderly house, and a gloomy, slatternly woman, but never a complaint did the poor fellow utter. Jennie was ill, he argued—overworked, poor thing—he must try and do better for her, and he made his hammer ring with redoubled energy.

The second autumn after baby's birth they journeyed to various places in search of work. They had a snug home and an efficient girl, but Jennie's discontent grew more apparent day by day. The place and people were so unrefined, it was cruel in Ralph to bring her there she said; she wanted to be back at her old home amid her own friends.

Ralph said never a word, but the warm glow faded from his eyes, and they wore a look of wistful regret that was piteous to see; but he worked all the harder, as if to conquer fortune by the power of his sturdy strokes.

One day, late in autumn, a dreary, rainy day, matters came to a crisis. Margie, the servant, fell ill, and all the household work fell upon Jennie's hands. Ralph did all he could to help her.

"You won't have occasion to go outside the house, Jennie, dear," he said, on starting, "and I'll be home early."

Jennie was pouring out some tea for Margie, and baby catching at her frock, caused her to spill it. The mishap increased her impatience.

"Oh, it don't matter," she replied crossly; "I've got to work myself to death anyhow, and I may as well do it outside as in."

Ralph made no answer, but his brown eyes were full of unshed tears as he went out. Jennie felt that she had made an unwomanly answer the instant the words escaped her lips, but it only served to increase her vexation.

Everything she put her hands to seemed to go wrong with her. Margie grew worse, and baby was unusually active and troublesome; and in addition, the wailing easterly wind whistled down the chimney, and filled the room with smoke and ashes.

Jennie threw down her broom and duster in despair, and in the midst of her untidy room, in her slovenly attire, she burst into hysterical weeping. Baby toddled to her side, and essayed to climb into her lap, but she pushed her crossly away.

"Oh, go away, you troublesome little thing; I'm tired enough without having you hanging round me."

Thus repulsed, little Birdie wandered off, and

finally settled herself at an open window, where she could catch the pouring rain-drops in her tiny hands. Unmindful of everything but her own miserable thoughts, the young wife sat sobbing before her smoking fire.

"What I might have been," she reflected, "and what I have come to—a common drudge! Auntie was right—I should not have married a poor man. I might have been mistress of Palace Hill. Oh, dear! I wish I had taken John Parker's diamonds instead of poor Ralph's rose."

As the clock was on the stroke of twelve, a quick step aroused her from her dreary dream. Her husband entered, taking in her slatternly dress and the untidy aspect of the room at a glance. Jennie saw it, and rose to her feet, flushing with shame and anger.

"What's brought you home so soon?" she asked sharply, giving the smoking fire a spiteful punch.

"I'm going to the city—I've heard of a good situation—and I came in to say good-bye."

"You're all the time hearing of good chances," replied Jennie, "but they don't amount to much."

"So it seems, but I'll hope for better luck this time. Where's Birdie?"

Hearing her father's voice the child clambered down, and came toddling to his side, her garments dripping, her little face and hands blue with cold.

"Oh, Jennie!" cried the father, "only look! She'll be sure to have the croup. Why didn't you look after her?"

"I can't look after everything; she's old enough to know better. There, you bad little thing, take that."

Jennie put out her hand to slap the cold little cheek that lay against Ralph's breast, but he looked at her with something in his face that stopped her on the instant.

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for by-and-bye, Jennie," he said, gravely. "You are not quite yourself this morning."

"No, and I never shall be myself again," she burst out passionately, half-beside herself with shame and anger at her own foolish temper. "I'm harassed and worried to death, and I wish I was in my grave."

Ralph put out his hand to clasp her, but she glided from him, and went into her bed room. He could catch the sound of her sobbing, and it pierced his heart like a knife. Once or twice, while he was drying and warming the child, a tear fell on her golden head. When he had lulled her to sleep, he tucked her away in her crib, and then went to the door of his wife's room.

"I must go now, Jennie," he said, opening it softly; "the train will be due in a few minutes. Come, and say good-bye."

Poor Jennie longed to throw herself in his arms, and entreat him to forgive her, but her heart was too proud. She sat quite still, her face averted.

"Good-bye, Ralph," she said, coldly; "you'll be back soon, I suppose."

"As soon as I can—to-morrow at the longest; but, Jennie, come and kiss me. I might never come back, you know."

She laughed, and answered lightly:

"Oh, don't be foolish, Ralph. You'll be back, no doubt of that; we've been married too long to act like lovers."

Ralph turned with a quick step; but she caught the look on his face, and she never forgot it to her dying day. For a moment she sat hoping he would come back, then she started up, and rushed to the door; but it was too late—he was out of sight. A few moments later she heard the shrill cry of the steam whistle, and knew that he was gone.

The day was unspeakably long and dreary, and as night closed in the chill rain still dripped from the cottage eaves. Margie grew worse, and before bed-time Birdie tossed in a high fever. With an awful terror at her heart, Jennie ran across the road and called in her nearest neighbor, Miss Charity Stebbins. She came at once, for she was very kind of heart, though rough of speech.

"The child's been exposed," she said, as soon as her eyes fell upon the little sufferer—"taken sudden cold—have a turn of croup 'fore mornin'. Get on a kettle of water to boil, and warm some grease. Got none? In course, wimmen o' your stamp never provide for the hour o' trouble. Now, I'm an old maid—never thought to have children, but I always keep a bottleful in the left hand corner of the third shelf o' my pantry; I'll run over and fetch it directly. I've been out all day in the wet, a doin' for them as don't thank me, maybe, but it's my way. I'm not the woman to set down an' moan an' fret, like you do, Jennie Hilliard. I'll wager a round sum, if you'd a bin tendin' to your business an' not thinkin' o' yourself, the child wouldn't a had this turn. I know—I've had my eye on you for some time, and meant to give you a talkin' to, an' it might as well come out now. Make that water boil—I want to bathe this child."

Jennie obeyed in silence.

"I seen yer husband this mornin'," Miss Charity went on. "I took my eggs down to the station, an' a couple of butter-pads. Got a good price, too. My butter always does bring a good price. Well, I seen her husband, and his face made my heart ache. It's a barmin' shame, Jennie Hilliard, how you treat that man—he is workin' and a strivin', an' you so unthankful and discontented. You'll be sorry for it by-and-bye."

"Oh, Miss Charity," Jennie burst out with streaming tears, "I'm sorry now, and if ever I see Ralph's face again, I'll make up for it."

"It's to be hoped you will," sneered Miss

Charity, "but I'm not sure you'll ever see his face again; you don't deserve to, any rate. I've seen wimmen like you before—worry a man's heart out, an' then cry for him when he's gone."

Jennie sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

"What a home you might make him," Miss Charity went on, as she sifted some mustard into the bath she was preparing. "Why, bless me, if I had this house, I'd make it shine agin. It only needs the will—one pair o' hands can work wonders when they're willin'. And then, instead of walking about in a dowdy frock, wi' your hair on end an' your face all of pucker, you ought to be as fresh as a rose-pink—a pretty young thing like you—an' always have a smile for your husband when he comes home. It's your duty. I'm an old maid, but it's my opinion as a woman as has got a good husband and a baby oughtn't to mope; she ought to sing from sun to sun. Now I'm done—I'll go for the grease. I've said my say, an' if you don't like it you must do the other thing, that's all."

She flitted out, and poor Jennie went to the little crib and fell on her knees beside it.

"Oh, Birdie! little Birdie!" she moaned. "If Heaven will spare you and give me back my husband, I'll never complain again!"

The night went by, with wailing winds and dripping rain, and through all the dark hours Birdie hung between life and death; but Miss Charity worked bravely, and when the morning dawned the child slept and the danger was past.

Jennie went to work with an overflowing heart. Ralph would be home at ten, and he must find a different home from the one he had left. Somehow, this morning everything she essayed to do went well with her, and long before the hour she had everything in order, and was dressed in a pretty frock, with a blue ribbon in her yellow curls, and a shining light in her eyes.

She listened with eager impatience for the sound of the train. She had refused to kiss Ralph when he went, but she was ready to give him a thousand kisses on his return.

Ten o'clock—but the whistle did not sound. Eleven—yet Ralph had not come. Her heart lay like lead in her bosom. Presently the doctor came round to look after Margie.

"Doctor," she cried, "has the train come in?"

"The train! Why, haven't you heard the news? A terrible collision—the whole train smashed—nearly every soul killed or wounded!"

Jennie grew ghastly white, and caught his arm with a grasp like iron.

"Doctor," she whispered, "Ralph, my husband was in that train?"

"Good Heaven! What? Ralph—Ralph Hilliard?"

"Yes; he promised to be here in the first train. Oh, Heavens! Oh, Ralph!"

Roused by the sound of her voice, Birdie awoke.

"Mamma," she called, "has papa come, and brought Birdie the red shoes?"

"Oh, Birdie!" wailed the poor mother, he'll never come again!"

"Yes he will, mamma; he said he'd come and bring Birdie the red shoes. Don't you ky."

And, with a sigh of content, she turned over and closed her eyes. Papa had never broken faith with her, and her little heart trusted him entirely.

Jennie arose, and put on her hood and shawl.

"I'm going, doctor," she said. "Miss Charity will look after Birdie and Margie."

"But, child you don't know—"

"Yes, I do know," she interrupted; "but Ralph's there, and, dead or alive, I must be with him."

The sun was going down, red and lurid, when Jennie came in sight of her cottage on her return. A tiresome journey—hours of sickening suspense, and nothing accomplished. She had telegraphed to the city, and ascertained to a certainty that Ralph was in the doomed train, but amid the living or the dead she could not find him. There were a few bodies so badly mutilated that they could not be identified, and she had come to the conclusion that one of these was her husband. It was a terrible thought, but she had to bear it and go home to her child when night came on.

Standing there in sight of her cottage, in the tawny splendor of the Autumn sunset, she fully realized her loss. Home, and no husband!

At that moment the cottage door opened, and a little figure wrapped in scarlet flannel, came towards her with a wavering step.

"Mamma," piped Birdie's voice, "papa's come, and Birdie's got the red shoes."

Jennie caught sight of them, and dropped down where she stood, without a word or cry.

"I've killed her!" Ralph groaned, as he bore her into the cottage. "What a fool I was!"

"No," retorted Miss Charity; "she'll come round. Wimmen ain't killed easy!"

Half-an-hour later, when Jennie awoke from her terrible dream, her husband was bending over her.

"Ralph," she whispered, softly, putting her arm round his neck, "can you ever forgive me?"

Foolish Ralph began to cry like a baby.

"Hush, Jennie," he said. "We're going to be so happy. I've got a splendid place, and you shall have everything you want hereafter."

"I shall never want anything again, Ralph," clasping him close, "but you and Birdie. I've had my life-lesson—I'm fit to be a poor man's wife now."

"And it's me as deserves the credit, if ye are," snapped Miss Charity, as she put the teatray on the table.

THE ORPHAN IMBECILE.

Ah, who will take care of poor Lottie
Now that her kind mother is dead?
There are those who will mourn her condition,
Supply her with raiment and bread,
And give her a couch to repose on,
Where in the dark hours alone
She will lay in her brain-sick condition
And wonder where mother has gone.

Ah, who will take care of poor Lottie,
The imbecile peevish and queer?
Who will give her that earnest attention
She had while her mother was here?
The money of friends and of kindred
May save her from poverty's smart,
But who can supply the love-cordial
To nourish her hungering heart?

Ah, who will take care of poor Lottie!
Her dead mother's spirit beguiled
To earth, still is hovering over
Her stricken and desolate child.
Relieved from life's wearisome burden,
It lingers in love near earth's soil,
To influence someone to love her
Ere it wings its swift flight unto God.

Ah, who will take care of poor Lottie!
'Tis love that the lone creature needs—
She may seem dead to every emotion,
But still her heart hungers and bleeds.
She may not be able to utter
Her terrible grief and despair,
But her bosom feels none the less keenly
The terrible void that is there.

THE ARTIST LOVER.

They said in the large farmhouse where Ellen Ralston lived, that she was different from the rest of John Ralston's children, who were stalwart men, and broad-shouldered, rosy-cheeked girls, while Ellen was slender and graceful, with a colorless complexion and soft grey eyes.

While Jennie and Carrie could turn off a day's washing before breakfast, do a week's churning without feeling any fatigue, and treated the daily cooking and cleaning as a mere pastime, Ellen strove vainly to keep pace with them in any of the farm duties.

It came to be a practice that the more dainty work fell to her share, without any spoken contract.

The white Sunday shirts of her father and brothers, the ruffles for the throat and wrists of her sisters' best dresses, were given to Ellen to iron, while Jennie and Carrie tossed off whole baskets of heavier clothing.

The pies and nicer cooking also fell to Ellen's share, and gradually all the sewing was left to her, while the others took her share of household work, milking, and outdoor duties.

Without any complaint of illness the girl had a slender, frail figure, and a far-away look in her large, soft eyes, that was a strong contrast to the blooming flesh-and-blood beauty of the other Ralston girls.

The old women called her fliniking; and her brothers laughed at her dainty ways and soft, low voice, but wherever she moved there was an atmosphere of peace and gentleness surrounding Ellen Ralston, that won love for her from all who came under its influence.

Even those who thought she was too delicate for a farmer's wife, expressed no surprise when it was known that she was betrothed to sturdy Will Nelson, one of the most flourishing young farmers at H—, and whose curling brown locks, large blue eyes, and splendid figure, made him one of the handsomest of the rural beaux.

It had been a long, patient courting, for Will had worshipped Ellen since he was a boy, and when he won her promise at last, he was unconsciously that there were unstirred depths in her heart his love had never awakened; that it was more from her gratitude for his patient love and devotion than from any answering affection that she had consented to marry him.

There might have been a quiet wedding in the old church, a peaceful home at the Nelson farm, with Will and Ellen passing from youth to age in sober married content, if the fates had not ordained that Craig Elliot should pass through H— while on a sketching tour, and seeing Ellen Ralston at church, be seized with an artistic desire to sketch her pure, lovely face.

It was not difficult in the primitive little country town to gain an introduction into the farmer's family.

There was much giggling and many jests for poor Ellen, when it was ascertained that the painter wanted to make a picture of her.

In their good-natured pride at the compliment to the family, Jennie and Carrie loaded her with all their most cherished finery for the first sitting, and where deeply chagrined when Mr. Elliot suggested a dress of pure unadorned white, with the silky brown hair falling in its own natural waves over the shoulders.

The country girl had no idea that in her own soul nestled the germ of artist love, as she went to her room to obey the directions given her.

But as she came again to the stiff parlor where the artist waited her, he could not repress his cry of admiration.

Over the starched Sunday dress of white carnation the girl had draped a soft muslin scarf, that floated like a cloud from her shoulders.

The long, half-curling hair was thrown back from the low, broad forehead to fall in masses

around the shapely throat, and at one side the drooping flowers of a spray of pure white clematis fell amidst the tresses.

She was awkwardly conscious of the artist's admiration, and it gave a stiffness to her attitude, as she demurely took the seat he pointed out to her.

A portrait painter by profession, Craig Elliot was accustomed to the embarrassment and the wooden attitude.

So he made no comment as he took out his card and crayons.

He was a long time arranging his table and sketching board to suit him, and while he fidgeted with these, he talked to Ellen.

Many a time he had drawn a fair face from its sitting for a picture expression to an interested animation by his words, for he was a man who had travelled and seen much of the world, and could talk easily and gracefully of men or books.

But never had a face worn the absorbed look of intentness that crept gradually over Ellen Ralston's as he spoke.

He opened a new world to the girl, who at eighteen had never been ten miles from her country home.

And as this wondrous vista of unknown scenes was unfolded before her, the girl became conscious of some new chord of her own nature thrilling into life.

She was an uneducated girl, though she could read and write, and her knowledge of books was confined to the family Bible, the almanac, and a few school books the three girls had studied in turn during the winters at the village school.

Yet, as she forgot herself, her life, her surroundings, in the artist's words, and strange echoing response of her own heart, there sprang to her lips words that would have amazed her friends at H—.

She was utterly unconscious of the poetry of her descriptions of some of the scenes in her own quiet corner of the world.

She never guessed how her large soft eyes shone with the new inspiration of her heart, how a delicate flush crept to her cheek, or how her voice rose and fell in the novel excitement that made her eloquent.

There was nothing forced in word or action, yet Craig Elliot wondered how so rare an actress came to be buried at H—.

She painted word-pictures for him till he seemed to hear the leaves rustling and the birds singing, and when she listened with clasped hands and eager eyes to his words, there was an eloquence even in her silence.

Two hours of fairyland, and then the sitting was over.

Ellen went to her room to put on a print dress, and descend to the kitchen to make pies for dinner.

Yet the glamor of those two hours hovered about her as she pared apples and kneaded dough.

There was a painful aching at her heart, as if she had been suddenly torn from home and those she loved.

The rough voices startled her as she dreamed over her work, and for the first time she experienced a mad desire to escape from every scene she had known, every face she had seen.

The next day, when the artist came for his second sitting, he brought a copy of Tennyson to lend to Miss Ralston, and while he worked, he quoted some of his favorite passages.

From one poet to another was easy transition, and Ellen found herself wondering if in infancy or where she had heard these words, that seemed like her own tongue to her.

Surely at some time she had thought in this language, so new and yet so strangely familiar.

The face that the artist copied became a sore puzzle to him in its ever-varying expression, each look more beautiful than the last.

Sad, he thought no Madonna had so exquisite a face.

Animated, he longed to have it for a Sibyl.

Smiling, though that phase was rare, it was a radiance of joyousness.

So, as day after day found the artist in the prim farm-house parlor, the old story that is ever new was written upon the heart of each.

The summer was in its prime, the July sun blazing over field and wood, when Craig Elliot read the record of the past three weeks upon his own heart, and knew that he loved Ellen Ralston, a girl who could scarcely write her own name legibly, but who had the brain and soul of a poetess, with the face of an angel.

She inspired him.

He was conscious that with her constant companionship he could reach a height in his chosen art that alone he could not touch.

Already her words had suggested to him a wide panorama of scenes that he would work into paintings in the quiet of his studio.

He was singularly alone in the world.

Orphaned when a mere child, with a large income entirely at his own control, he had wandered in Italy, sojourned at Paris, visited every city of note at home or abroad, and kept himself strangely "unspotted from the world."

He had seen fair faces, had met lovely women many times in his varied life, but no face had ever nestled in his heart as that of Ellen Ralston was doing, no voice had awakened every tender emotion of his nature as her voice could.

Having no authority to consult, no voice to say nay to his project, he determined to woo her manfully, to win her if true love could win her.

So the July evenings found him at the farmer's porch, or strolling through shady lanes with Ellen, making her strangely happy, yet

never rousing her to the cruel truth she was to learn, that this happiness was born of love.

It was not unnatural that the maiden's heart still slept, unconscious that its master had arrived.

Courting at H— was a straightforward affair, managed with a rude frankness that could admit of no misconception.

When a man at H— "kept company" with the fair maid of his choice, he paid her frank compliments, he bragged of his prospects, his farm, or his shop, as the case might be, and he drew broad pictures of his future, when he could make his wife the happiest woman in the country.

Will Nelson had courted Ellen after this frank fashion, from the time he brought her berries or nuts in childish days, till she promised to be his wife, as the natural end of his persistent wooing.

That a man who had never taken her hand in his own, had never spoken one word of admiration, never told her of his home or life, was wooing her never came to Ellen's mind.

It was a dreamy delight to be near Craig Elliot, and there was a sense of loneliness at his absence; but that was all Ellen knew, till one hazy August evening, when they walked together, and he told her his love.

He had thought she would turn her sweet face to him, blushing, yet happy, for with the unerring intuition of true love, he was sure he had won an answering devotion in her heart.

He told her the truth in earnest words, and she shrank from him, her face growing whiter as he became more eloquent, her great eyes dilating with a wild terror, till in a harsh, strained voice she cried:

"No, no! You must not talk so to me. I am the promised wife of William Nelson."

"You!" he cried, a fierce, hot anger in his face. "You a flirt, a coquette. I will never believe in woman's face again since yours has lied to me. You, a promised wife, and winning me by such subtle coquetry as the most finished flirt might blush to practise! Great Heaven, where is purity and faith in woman when you are false?"

"I never dreamed you loved me," she faltered.

"What but love could keep me here, ever by your side? Do not think to deceive me by any affectation of ignorance. You must have known I loved you! Love you! Ellen, can your heart be so dead that you did not know mine was all yours? Ellen, Ellen, tell me those cruel words were only spoken to try me. You love me."

"Heaven help me, I do!" she said in such a tone of anguish that he felt his heart contract in a yearning pity.

"Then, if you love me, you will be my wife."

"I can never be your wife," she said, faintly, clinging to a tree to keep from falling. "I am promised to Will Nelson. Poor Will!" she murmured, and then the little figure swayed heavily forward, and Craig caught her as she fainted for the first time in her life.

He grew sick with fear as he held her, and saw the slender stream of crimson blood which was slowly gushing through her lips.

It was a long unconsciousness, but she rallied sufficiently to walk home.

The next day Craig Elliot had left.

Nobody guessed Ellen's secret as she moved each day with slower steps about the bustling farmhouse.

Some of experience shook their heads when they heard a little dry cough, that increased as the winter drew near.

Nobody guessed how Ellen was fading from earth, but faithful Will Nelson—rough, practical Will, who would have cheerfully given his own life to save Ellen's.

It was Will who was ever ready to put his strong arm in the place of her weak ones, rewarded sufficiently by the sad sweet smile that came so seldom to Ellen's lips.

The chill winds of November were sweeping across H—, and Ellen was too feeble to leave her chair, when Will came to her side in the early twilight.

"Ellie," he said, "I am going to York."

"To York, Will! Why, what can take you to York?"

"I am going to find Mr. Elliot."

"Ellie!" he cried, in sudden alarm at the grey pallor of her face, "I can give you up to happiness, but I cannot stand by and see you die."

"You tried to be true to me, Ellie. I was in the grove when he told you he loved you—not eavesdropping, only coming here."

"I thought when he was gone you would forget, but you cannot, Ellie, and you are dying in the struggle to be true to your promised word. So I am going to York."

The words choked him as he spoke them, and he bent hastily and pressed a kiss upon the pale face of the woman he loved dearer than his own hope of happiness, and left her.

Riding to York and back again, with Craig Elliot by his side, took Will Nelson two weary days.

The morning was yet young when they crossed the fields to Ralston's farm, to meet Jennie and Carrie weeping bitterly as they led the lovers to the prim parlor, where across rude trestles rested the coffin, and with folded hands and peaceful smile, Ellen reposed the short journey of life over the weary heart struggle ended.

Together the men who had loved her looked upon her for the last time.

Years later, Carrie Ralston became Will Nelson's wife; but Craig Elliot will go to his grave with his heart true to his love for Ellen Ralston.

THE RED CROSS.

An Ambulance Incident—1871.

BY PAUL MICHEL.

"I cannot kiss thee, love, one sweet farewell, Forthou art leagues away, and I must go To battle-fields where death is all aglow And comrade falls where but now comrade fell."

"Thou'rt true—I could not doubt thy heart, my one— And so, adieu! God keep thee in my faith, And, if in this my work I should meet death, Thou must not grieve, but think His will is done."

He went, and foremost in the ranks to aid The stricken men, to quench their fevered thirst,

Was he—and anguish felt his pity first— His loving hand on all so gently laid.

Some called him "comforter," and others smiled

A welcome to the presence so well known— The tender heart that thought not of his own,

The patient tongue that soothingly beguiled.

Till, in his task amongst the newly slain And wounded thousands of a bloody fight, There came a summons on the hideous night— The call of Death. He heard, and low was laid.

Two friends who shared his work were at his side.

"Hold ye me up," he murmured—"I am weak—

Yet unto you a message would I speak For her"—and then they knew he meant his bride.

"Tell her I sent her this—my lasting love, My blessing, and a prayer for her peace; A hope that round her life may joys increase, The joys we felt, while thought found rest above."

"Tell her the gracious things we talked of then, In those bright days when we went hand in hand,

I would she should remember as the band That makes us one before the Lord of men."

"Farewell, my comrades—duty calls; I must, For He has set His seal upon my brow— Ah, Madeleine, thine arm supports me now!" They veiled his face, and dust returned to dust.

They bore him from the vineyard of his care; His sick ones heard, and dropt a silent tear That he, whom rough men learned so to revere,

Would never more their hopes and troubles share.

And in the heart of Meudon's sombre wood, Away from all the struggle fierce and hot, They laid him without sound of drum or shot— Each had low bent in prayer's attitude.

He was but one—an unit in the throng— And yet they missed him far above the rest, The noble heart that drew them to his breast, And bound their wounds, and taught them to be strong.

And they who feel the measure of his loss O'ercome their grief in that he left so much— The memory of his love, his work—for such Is strength in them to bear the Master's cross.

Proud men, ye have not learned true Glory's aim—

"The Glory's crown that fadeth not away"— 'Tis Charity who winneth in her day More victories than all the sons of fame!

The ambulance is ready—comrades, on! The fighting and the struggle have begun, The work is waiting—to the rescue—run! The Red Cross, boys—his mark—and all is won!

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

By G. W. S.

"I shall never marry, mamma—never! so you needn't say another word about it!"

Effie Clayton shook her brown curls until they rumbled all over her round white face, and stamped her little foot by way of emphasis.

"Oh, nonsense!" said her brother Tom, with a most provoking drawl.

"I mean it—every word of it!" asserted the maiden, the tears starting to her eyes. "I never saw a man that was good for anything but to be waited on. They're all selfish, exacting, peevish, irritable and deceitful—there!"

And that number two boot came down again to signify that there was no appeal from her judgment, and that the whole sex was hereby ostracized, excommunicated and annihilated.

Mrs. Clayton, who for a few moments had been silent, now looked up from her work.

"You have given your father a good character, my child," she said with quiet reproof.

"I didn't mean him, you know I didn't, mamma!" answered Effie, her lips quivering. "And you didn't refer to your poor little brother, either, did you?" whined Tom, with a ridiculous grimace, as he moved his one hundred and seventy pounds of flesh to the other side of the lounge.

"Yes, I did!" replied his sister, spitefully. "My son, be quite a moment," said Mrs. Clayton kindly.

"Certainly, my dear mother," he rejoined, a smile irradiating his handsome face.

"Effie, when I told you that Oscar Wing and his sister were coming to visit us, and that he was in every respect an estimable young man, I did so with the intention of acquainting you with his character, and not from any match-making desire. I love my daughter too much to attempt to get her off my hands by any small strategy. I would rather you would live alone all your life than to have you marry in haste. Why you misconstrued my words I do not know. Why you have indulged in such an unmaidenly tirade I cannot imagine, unless you have some secret grief which has embittered your feelings. That, however, is improbable, as I think you are too honest, and love me too much to deceive me."

Effie made a feint of pushing her curls back from her face, that her mother might not notice how pale she was, and how firmly her lips were compressed.

"You must remember, my child, that there are but two sexes on earth, that all our happiness and joy must come from each other; and when we decry and slander one another, we only show our own intolerance and bigotry, and turn our own weapons against ourselves," continued Mrs. Clayton. "All of us, men and women both, are fully endowed enough with human weaknesses, but one no more than the other. Instead of censuring others, be kind enough to look to your own deficiencies. I trust I shall hear no more outbreaks of this kind: they pain me very much."

It had been very hard for Effie to sit still and listen to these words, with her secret sorrow throbbing in her heart, and the consciousness of her having deceived her gentle mother preying upon her mind. As the last syllable left her mother's lips Effie arose and walked hastily from the room. The instant she reached her own chamber the tears burst from her eyes, and, sinking into a chair, she gave full vent to her grief.

"I trusted him! I loved him!" she moaned, clasping her hands tightly together. "Oh, how I loved him! and now he has forgotten me; I know he has, for I haven't heard a word from him for a month. I ought to have told mother, I suppose, at the time of it; but Arnold was poor, and I got acquainted with him accidentally, and—and—oh, dear, I was so happy I forgot all about it!"

Another spasm of weeping, more violent than the first, then she walked the room several times, with her hands pressed to her brow; finally she dropped on her knees before her trunk, and drew out one or two bunches of letters tied with purple velvet. Having read a few tender lines in several, and cried a little over each, she hurled them back into the trunk and sprang up, her eyes blazing.

"I'll not feel sad—I'll not be gentle, amiable, and quiet! If I do I shall go mad!" she exclaimed, clenching her little fist. "I can't be like mother—oh, no, no! not now, with this disappointment eating into my heart. If she only knew—but she shan't know! I'll keep my mortification to myself; nobody shall ever know that I have been taught to love, and then laughed at and deserted!"

Her own words aroused her anger, and now her cheeks were red, her eyes gleamed, her breath came short and quick.

"I'll hate him—I'll hate all men!" she cried, striking her hands together. "I'll torment them all I can. I'll deceive every one I come across, and then mock him! scoff at him! scorn him! Oh, I'll have a glorious revenge!"

"I wonder what on earth ails Effie?" mused Tom, as he drove over the road, holding the prancing grays firmly in hand. "I never saw her quite so ill-natured before. If she wasn't so frank and honest I should certainly think she had some secret trouble. But that idea would be ridiculous even in that case. What could trouble Effie? She has all that love and money can give her, and as to her ever getting sweet on anybody—that is out of the question! I'm afraid she was cut out for an old maid. I'll put Wing up to playing her a little at any rate—he's just the fellow to do it!"

Tom arrived at the station just as the train came in, and, giving his horses in charge of a boy, he entered the station to look for his friends. A beautiful blonde, with the bluest eyes, the whitest teeth, and the reddest cheeks he had ever seen, attracted his attention at once.

"By Jove! isn't she lovely?" he said aloud. The lady heard him, and turned away blushing crimson.

"Confound that tongue of mine! Couldn't help it though," he muttered, as he strode on. "Wonder if she's angry—wonder if she stops here?"

At that moment he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to meet the hearty greeting of Oscar Wing.

"I went to look after the baggage, that's the reason you missed me, Tom," said Wing, still shaking his friend's hands. "My sister is about here somewhere—you haven't seen her for several years, have you? Ah! there she is. Excuse me."

"Which one?" queried Tom, whose eyes were upon the beauty that had challenged his

admiration a minute before; but his friend did not hear him, and went directly toward a tall-looking female in a black dress, with a high hat and red feather.

"Oh, gracious! if it was only the other one," groaned Tom, driving his hands into his pocket and dropping his chin on his chest.

"My sister Fleta, Mr. Clayton."

Tom looked up, expecting to see the sharp-nosed feminine with the sugar-loaf hat, but instead he met the gaze of those luminous blue eyes, and saw that sweet, beautiful face upraised to him. But only for an instant; then the lady blushed and averted her head, and Tom stood like a statue, his hat lifted, his face the colour of a peony, and his eyes and mouth dilated with surprise.

Oscar Wing stroked his long black beard, and glanced from one to the other inquiringly.

"I—really—I—I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Wing. I—I—confound it! I've the most unruly tongue in the world!"

"It's a novelty to find a man that has a tongue," replied Fleta, in a silvery voice.

"Sarcastic, witty, and all that," thought Tom. "Gracious! I hope she isn't a poetess!" and added aloud:

"And stranger still to find one that speaks the truth involuntarily, is it not?"

"Even when that truth is impertinent," she replied, coldly.

"I'm frozen now," said Tom, with a grimace as he led the way to the carriage.

Fleta put her hand up to conceal the smile that his words called to her face in spite of herself. He was so thoroughly good-natured, so comical without verging at all upon buffoonery that it was impossible to dislike him.

"But he's conceited," she said to herself as if in excuse for the slight interest she had manifested.

Oscar sat on the front seat with Tom, and as the carriage was a laudau Fleta had the inside wholly to herself.

"I'm very anxious to see your sister, Tom," said Oscar as they bowled merrily along the level road.

"Are you a reformer?" queried Tom, in reply.

"No," was the wondering answer.

"She'll make a target of you then, and blaze away at you with Labor Reform speeches, Woman's Rights, and all the isms. Oh, I pity you, my unfortunate friend!"

"I'll soon teach her better. You've been opposing her too much and aroused her combativeness. I understand how to approach and capture the feminine mind."

"Hear him, Miss Wing!" shouted Tom, with a laugh.

"Just like all you men," replied Fleta, languidly.

The jolly fellow shrugged his shoulders and called out to his horses, who answered his voice with speed redoubled.

"But there's another obstacle, Oscar, resumed Tom, with great solemnity. "Effie is a man-hater!"

"Pooh! All girls affect that more or less—it is only to draw attention, isn't it, Fleta?"

"Can any poor words of mine serve to strengthen your infinite wisdom?" said his sister, with caustic irony.

Tom gave his friend a nudge in the side as much as to say: "You're done for, old fellow." But Oscar smiled quietly to himself and stroked his glossy beard.

Reaching the house, the guests were warmly welcomed by Mr. Clayton and his wife. Effie did not show herself until tea-time and then she was very still and reserved. After the introductions were over she said nothing to Mr. Wing, and only spoke two or three times to Fleta. Oscar resolved to pay her in her own coin, and gave his whole attention to Mrs. Clayton, while Tom did his best to establish himself in Fleta's good graces. In the evening music was resorted to, and upon being asked to play Effie went straight in silence to the piano and performed a dirge as doleful as death itself. Mrs. Clayton's face flushed with mortification, and Tom frowned savagely. Was the girl crazy? But neither Mr. Wing nor his sister seemed to notice it, for the latter came to the relief at once with a brilliant waltz, and then sang a beautiful ballad, sang it with such pathos that Tom felt his heart slipping from his control.

"Shall you deem me impertinent if I tell you how much good your singing does me?" he asked, lowly.

"Very likely; you'd better not take the risk," was the curt reply.

"What ails all the girls?" thought Tom, scowling. "They snap like turtles and show their teeth like wolves."

Three days passed. Effie maintained her fretfulness in spite of all protestations, but it wasn't as amusing to her as it was at first. Oscar avoided her altogether, and when forced to be in her presence he seemed ill at ease. This wasn't comforting to her vanity. She was not aware that she was frightful—in fact, she had thought once or twice that she was rather pretty. Why then should he run away from her? Of course she didn't care, but then—well, it is more pleasant to attract people than to repel them, even if one is a man-hater. While thus reflecting she was sitting in the garden, with a book in her lap. Suddenly Oscar came in at the other door and threw himself upon the seat without seeing her. She moved slightly, and attracted his attention—and he jumped up as if he had been shot. Casting a timid glance toward her, he slid out the door, and then putting his head back for an instant, said, hesitatingly:

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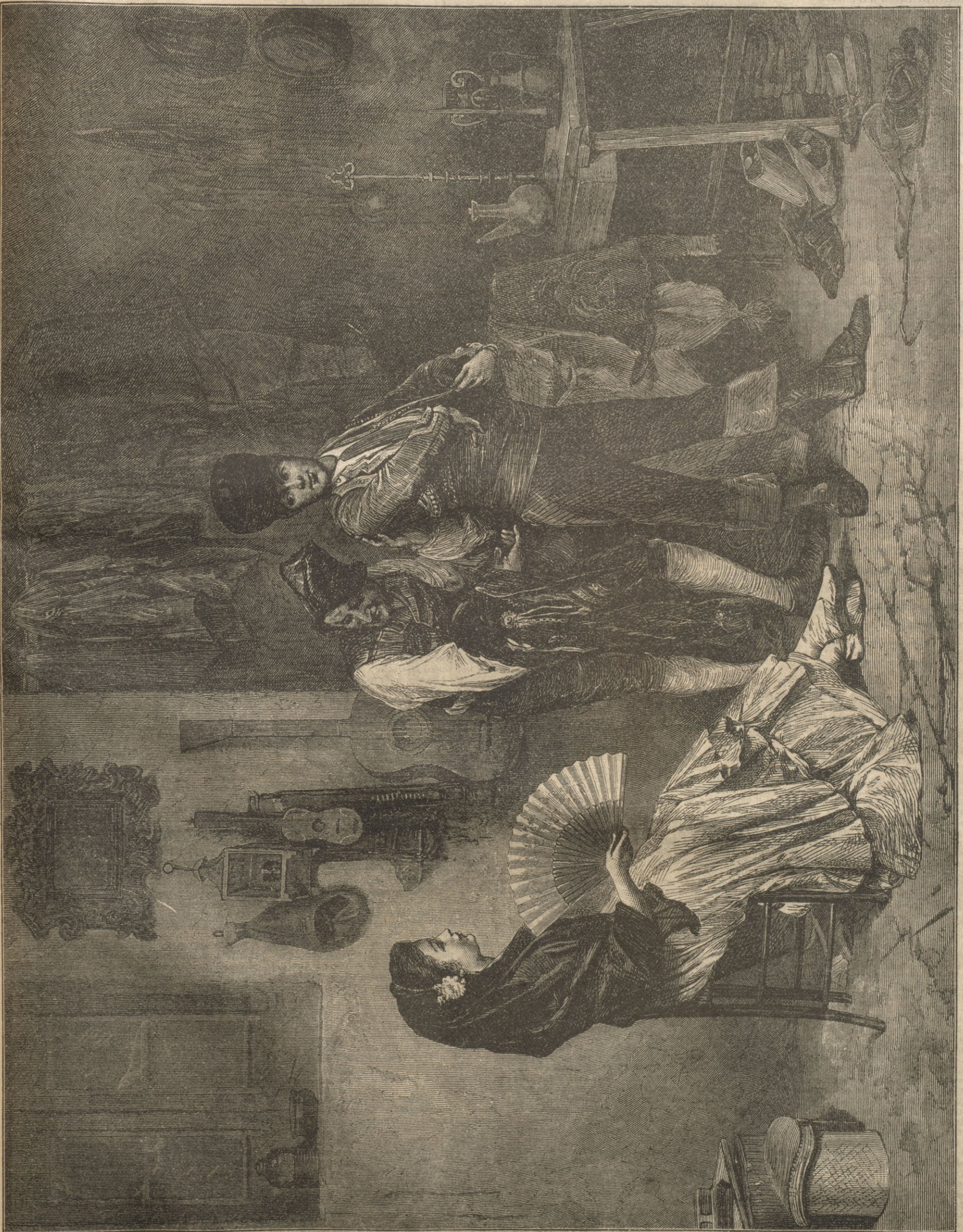
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A HIGHLAND PASTORAL.—By P. R. MORRIS.



THE SPANISH "FRIPIER."—By Woods.

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THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to
take notice that in future Rejected Contri-
butions will not be returned.Letters requiring a private answer should
always contain a stamp for return postage.No notice will be taken of contributions
unaccompanied by the name and address of
the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for
their safe keeping

REGULARITY.

Very few persons understand how greatly health and happiness in this world depend upon the regularity of daily habits—the constant recurrence of those events which we are apt to refer to as tiresome and monotonous. During the early and later periods of life this "even tenor" is essential to our well-being; and though we may feel like kicking the traces when at the zenith of power and activity, and sometimes fly off at tangents, or get rid of our superfluous energies in odd and eccentric ways, yet we usually come back, or at least try to come back, to our moorings, and gladly accept the tread-mill path of daily duty, which, if it brings no ecstatic pleasure, leaves no remorse.

To infancy, absolute regularity in habits of food, sleep, clothing, and cleanliness cure many ills and lay the foundation of a useful and honored life. This is the task of the intelligent mother, and to no person less competent should it be delegated. Feed a child with healthful food, cooked in precisely the same way, at exactly recurring intervals; put it to sleep with faithful minuteness in regard to time; have its clothing uniformly protective and comfortable, not too cool, and not exhaustive from warmth; give it fresh air, either in well-ventilated rooms or out-doors, every day; bathe it at night in tepid, in the morning in cold water, and the child will grow thriving and healthy and happy.

But there must be no cessation by even so much as the failure to scald a cup or a sauce-pan in the routine; there must be no careless use sometimes of warm, sometimes of cold water, or again, the omission of the bath altogether. The food must be prepared in the same way, with the same nicety of proportion, or evil results will, as they do, most surely follow. Only faithful intelligence can work itself out by such exact processes, though we all enjoy more than we think being subjected to them.

Every one can understand how disagreeable it would be not to be able to make sure of one's dinner; to be deprived of bed and sleep; to lose the enjoyment of abundance of good water, a daily bath, and a daily paper; but upon the recurrence of how many more and much smaller minutiae do we depend for our daily comfort? We like certain kinds of bread at every meal, we want meat always cooked in certain favorite ways, and we expect to find it so as naturally as we expect the sun to shine. We get use to seeing certain things in certain places, and we would not miss them upon any account. A

tree, a bush, a picture, or a chair which occupies the same place for years acquires a value to our consciousness which only the habit of seeing it can give it. The world seems very large in growth and full of many and varied interests, but it contracts as we grow older, and the objects of value to us narrow themselves down to those which we know to be real and which form our lives. Naturally, as these grow fewer in number they grow dearer, and the more we dislike to miss them from sight and sense. No lives are so happy as those that are so well ordered that there is little to resign, and to which, therefore, every year brings added interest and added enjoyment in the regular discharge of individual and social duty.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE

Opens with a sea-side story, "How the 'Gull' Went Down," by Rebecca Harding Davis, illustrated by two of Miss Scannell's characteristic drawings. There is also an English story, "The Two Carriages," by Mrs. Chantler, sister of Canon Kingsley. "Folded Hands" is a remarkably well-told story of Albert Durer and one of his friends. Clara G. Dolliver has a charming little sketch called "Mrs. Slipperkin's Family," and there is a first-rate boys' story, "The Little Reformers," by Rossiter Johnson. "The Heronry Among the Gnarled Pines" is a hunting sketch by C. A. Stephens. There is an account of Isaac Newton, who is described as a nice old gentleman who held office and was honest, and an admirable article by Wm. H. Rideing, telling how sunken vessels are raised and their cargoes saved by our coast-wreckers. A number of excellent engravings show how the divers work, &c., &c.

Among the poems in this number we find, "Gowns of Gossamer," by Lucy Larcom; a jolly story in verse by Mary Mapes Dodge, called "The Sun and the Stars," and a poem by John Hay. There is a brief account of the "Jardin d'Acclimation" in Paris, with two captivating pictures, one of children riding on an elephant and another of a party of youngsters in a carriage drawn by an ostrich. The three serials are as good as ever; in "Fast Friends," Mr. J. T. Trowbridge gives his heroes some amusing New York experiences; there is a night adventure in a wood in Olive Thorne's "Nimpo's Troubles," and an account of the peculiar workings of a boy's telegraph company in "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton. Two pictures by Frank Beard, illustrating a feud between a set of ten-pins and a big ball, are very amusing; and there are several other humorous pictures, one of which illustrates what might be called a "French-flat" house for dogs. This month the boys and girls are offered a Latin sketch for translation, the "Letter box" increases in interest, and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" seems inspired by the spring breezes to new efforts of wit and wisdom. The Editors announce fine things in store for the boys and girls, among them a bear story by Bret Harte.

HOW A MAN HELPS HIS WIFE.

What a frightful sensation that is when you have just got home of a cold Monday night, and pulled your boots off, to be told that the week's washing is out on the line and must be brought in. Now to do this of a dewy eve in summer, with the delicate perfume of the flowers filling the air, and a brass band in the next street, is not exactly a hardship; but to do it in the dead of winter, with a chilling breeze blowing, and the clothes as stiff as a rolling-pin, is something no man can contemplate without quaking. We don't quite understand how it is that a man invariably gets his boots off before the dread summons comes, but the rest of it is plain enough.

There is a sort of rebellions feeling in his heart which prompts him to try to entangle his wife in an argument, and failing in this he snatches up the basket and goes out into the yard with it, rapping it against the sides of the door with as much vigor as if it were not purely accidental. If the fond wife is any way attentive, she can hear his well-known voice consigning various objects to eternal suffering, long after he has disappeared.

There is no levity in a line of frozen clothes. Every article is as frigid as the Cardiff Giant, and the man who wrenches the peg off and then holds the basket in expectation of seeing the piece drop off the line of its own accord is too pure and simple for this world. But our man isn't of this nature. He catches hold of the garment with his chilled hand, seeks to pull it off, but it doesn't come. Then he pushes it upward, and then downward, and then sideways; and when it comes off it maintains the shape it has been all the afternoon working into, which permits it just as readily to enter the basket as to be shoved through the keyhole of a valise.

The first articles double up with his hands, and there is a faint semblance of carefulness in packing them away; but after that he snatches them away into the basket without any ceremony, and crowds them down with his foot. He uses the same care in taking down a fine cambric handkerchief that he does in capturing a sheet, and makes two handkerchiefs of every one. When he gets far from the basket he allows the articles to multiply in his arms; so as to save steps, and when he gets his arms full of the awkward and miserable things, whose sharp, icy corners stick him in the neck and

face, he comes to an article that refuses to give way at one end. He pulls and shakes desperately at it, howling and screaming in his rage, until he inadvertently steps on the dragging end of a sheet, and then he comes down flat on the frozen snow, but bounds up again, grating his teeth, and hastily depositing the bundle in the basket, darts back to the refractory member, and, taking hold of it, fiercely tugs at it, while he fairly jumps up and down in the extremity of his anger and cold.

Then it comes unexpectedly, and with it a part of the next article, and he goes over again—this time on his back, and with violence. With the clothes gathered, he takes the basket up in his livid hands, thus bringing the top articles against his already frozen chin, and thus tortured, propels his lifeless limbs into the house. She stands ready to tell him to close the door, and is so thoughtful enough to ask him if it's cold work.

But if he's a wise man, he will silently plant himself in front of the fire, and, framing his frozen features into an implacable frown, will preserve that exterior without the faintest modification until bedtime.

ERRORS OF CHARITY.

The *Westminster Review*, in controverting the current notion that, provided enough be given in doles to the poor direct or by subscriptions to charitable institutions, the whole duty of charity is satisfactorily fulfilled, says: "There are two kinds of charity: one seeing clearly into the character and conditions of its object, the other blind; one wise, the other foolish; one beneficent, the other injurious. Clairvoyant, wise, and beneficent charity raises its objects, develops their resources, trains them to habits of self-help, and calls forth in them a spirit of independence; but blind, foolish, and injurious charity, even while temporarily benefiting its recipients, permanently degrades them; not perceiving the real nature of its applicants, it gives to those who are not really in need, and those who may be needing only temporary help it converts into permanent pensioners on its bounty; moreover, it gives to those who clamor most and neglects those who, being too modest or too feeble to make themselves heard amid the crowd of competitors for its favors, suffer in silence; it discourages thrift and prudence; it induces habits of carelessness, improvidence, and helplessness; and it both generates and fosters that spirit of dependence which is the chief source of pauperism in this country." And the *Contemporary Review*, discussing the same theme, says: "From the fact that it has been preached as a religious duty, people have sometimes looked upon it rather as a training ground for their own benefit than in its effect on others. Many people look on the poorer classes as allowed by a wise discretion of Providence to exist in order that the rich may have a means of saving their own souls. Poverty is not looked upon as an evil remediable by the better organization of social relations and by the reformation of individual character, but as a necessary evil, designed as aforesaid to benefit the leisurely by giving them cases by which they may perfect themselves in spiritual medicine. It is in the attempt to practise on the poor, to try and do ourselves good by being kind to them, that so much mischief has arisen. It is this which has made some kindness so distasteful to the poor that one woman said when she heard that her visitor was ill: 'Poor lady, I am sorry for her; but there's one comfort—she's a lady; she won't have to be read to and prayed over.'"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SPANISH "FRIPIER."

A fripier—whence is derived, we suppose, the expressive English word "frippery"—is a dealer in secondhand articles, a broker, a pawnbroker, an old-clothes-man. This business is often selected, like others dealing with objects of indefinite value, as a favorable field for their money-making genius, by gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion. We have a Spanish variety of the class (though he does not appear to have a Jewish physiognomy) in the amusing fine-art illustration before us, which we engrave after a photograph published by Messrs. Goupil and Co., from a picture by M. J. Worms, a French artist (we believe from Alsace) of remarkable ability and high promise.

The fripier's *bodega* is a fair sample of such places, with its mass of articles, utterly heterogeneous, scattered about in most admirable disorder; and oh! how dreary are its suggestions of cast-off finery, tarnished splendors, extinguished gaiety, and homely uses past or forfeited! Observe the crumpled garments hanging from the wall, the mute guitar, the empty birdcage, the picture, the metal and porcelain utensils and ornaments. Look also at the hat-case à l'Anglaise, and the top-boots, which have been imitated from the British "jockey" all over Europe. The fripier evidently has that knowledge of human nature essential to success in his calling. With what assumption of honest pride does not the old fox point out the many merits of the secondhand jacket he has just tried on! "Is it not lovely?" "Does it not fit the senior's elegant figure beautifully?" "Is it not like giving away a jacket that would become any Don in the land to ask so low a price for it?" Such are the cajoleries which he addresses to the young fop's pretty, simple sweetheart. What can she say in reply? To criticise the gar-

ment might seem as though she found fault with the paragon who wears it—for he himself is plainly more than satisfied with it, and, as he attitudes before those bright eyes, appears to regard himself, if you please, as the very "glass of fashion and the mould of form."

"A HIGHLAND PASTORAL."

The elements of this composition are simple enough, yet, withal, picturesque; they owe much, however, to that delicate perception of, and feeling for, the graceful in humble rustic life which imparts a poetical character to the representation that is appropriately expressed in the title, "A Pastoral." The scene is a Highland dell, embosomed among and screened by trees. It is a fine day in early spring, and the sunlight, glinting through the tree stems and foliage, stripes the undulations of the upper path to the dell. The spring flowers bloom, as they only will in such a place—in profuse clusters of lovely yellow, and blue, and violet over the graves where the leaves of many summers have drifted and died. Here, types also of rejuvenescence, and health, and joy, a happy little party of Highland lassies and children, with an infant, have collected; and here, again emblematical of young life and innocence, lambs have strayed, or perhaps have followed the children—as lambs will do, especially if, having been found weakly after birth, they have been more carefully protected in the shepherd's home-stead. The subject, as we have said, is simple enough; yet by the painter's treatment, by the beauty of the group, the gracefulness of the incident, the pleasantness of the scene, and the associations which the whole is calculated to awaken, it acquires a poetic charm of pure idyllic sentiment. The picture is worthy of its author, Mr. P. R. Morris, one of the most promising of England's younger artists.

NEWS NOTES.

The Czar of Russia left England for home last week.

Prince Arthur has been created Duke of Connaught.

It is stated that Queen Victoria will visit Russia in the fall.

The New York stage drivers have struck for an increase of wages.

The Senate of the United States has passed Sumner's Civil Rights Bill.

Search for missing bodies has been abandoned at the scene of the Massachusetts flood.

Appeals are being made for additional aid for the sufferers by the Louisiana and Massachusetts disasters.

All Polish exiles, with the exception of one or two assassins, are to be allowed to return to their native land.

It is stated that Ben. Butler will be appointed Minister of the United States at Vienna in the place of John Jay.

Henri Rochefort is on his way to N. York, where a grand reception will be given him by the French Societies.

The Italian Ministry has resigned owing to the defeat of the Minister of Justice. The King, however, refused to accept the resignation.

The marriage of the President's daughter and Mr. Sartoris took place at the White House on Thursday 21st. The bridal couple sailed for Europe on Saturday 23rd.

The vote of the Council on the case of Professor Swing, of Chicago, stood 15 for and 45 against conviction. The Professor has since withdrawn from the Presbyterian Church.

A Boston despatch states that the Cunard Company—in consequence of the high rates of freight on Western products to Boston—contemplate transferring their Boston and Liverpool line of steamers to New York.

A committee appointed by the Arkansas Legislature to investigate the conduct of Clayton and Dorsey, declares them guilty of bribery and corruption, and unless they resign the United States Senate will be requested to expel them.

The Legislative Committee on examination of the Northampton reservoir elicited the fact that the foundation had not been built four feet below the bottom of the reservoir, and that the wall was forty feet narrower than the contract specified.

The Washington Committee of Ways and Means appointed to enquire into the Sanborn contracts have presented a report to the House stating that Sanborn has been guilty of gross fraud, and recommending the recovery by the Secretary of the Treasury of any moneys improperly taken by him.

The amendatory tariff bill now before the Committee of Ways and Means classes all materials of which silk is the chief component as silk; changes the duty on still wines in cases from \$2.00 to \$1.50, and fixes the duty on manufactured steel at two cents a pound, without regard to classification, which is a slight reduction. Hops pay ten cents instead of five cents, and sugar-beet seeds are made free. Changes are made in about twenty articles, more for simplification of the law than any effect they may have on receipts.

Further combinations for the formation of a Ministry having failed, President MacMahon decided to form one himself. The following is the personnel of the new Cabinet: Gen. Cissey, Minister of War and Vice-President of the Council; Duke DeCazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Fourton, Minister of the Interior; Magne, Minister of Finance; Eugene Cailloux, Minister of Public Works; Louis Grivart, Commissaire; Viscount DeCumont, Minister of Public Instruction; Adrian Tailhand, Minister of Justice; Marquis of Montagnac, Minister of Marine.

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest where it nears the tide,
The flowers the sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at the close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm,
Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm;
And weary man must even love the best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and her wings do bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eye of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

FOR HIS SAKE.

Among the passengers of a vessel from India, there landed a gentleman who had been absent from England many years.

For the first time he was going to see his son, the little boy born after he left home, and whose birth had been his mother's death.

Captain Penran had only been married a year when he was ordered abroad with his regiment.

Six months from that day a letter had reached him, telling him his wife was dead, and that her old nurse had taken charge of the infant.

He had loved his wife passionately, and when the baby was old enough to travel, she would have come to him in India.

Every quarter he had sent money to Ann Golden for the child's keep.

A receipt was always returned with "her duty, and the young gentleman was doing well," and this was all he knew of his Ellen's boy.

Now that his foot was upon England's shores again, Captain Penran felt new thrills of fatherly love, and longed for his boy's presence.

"He would take him to himself," he said. They would live together, share in each other's joys and sorrows.

He should be proud of him, and he hoped—ah, how he hoped!—that Ellen's child would have Ellen's face.

He had the address that Mrs. Golden had given him in his pocket.

He glanced at it now to refresh his memory as to the number.

A plain, respectable street in one of the suburbs; he remembered it well.

"But my boy shall see better things, now that I am here," he said to himself.

"Will he love me, I wonder?"

Then he thought how his own heart had been won by toys, and passed before a gay window, when suddenly he felt a tug at his coat-tail, and turning suddenly, found a grimy little hand half in, half out of his pocket.

He caught it at once with his handkerchief in it.

To give the little thief to a policeman, and appear against him next day, was his first thought; but as the creature stood there shivering and whining, the fact of his diminutive size struck the captain forcibly.

He realized his youth, which was extreme, and he saw that, besides being young, small, dirty, and ragged, he was deformed.

"What did you mean by that, sir?" he growled slowly, stooping to look into the boy's eyes.

"Oh, please, sir, let me go! Oh, please, sir, I won't do it no more—never, oh, please!"

"I've a mind to have you sent to goal," said the captain.

"No, please, sir; please, sir."

"Who taught you to steal?" asked the captain.

The boy made no answer.

"Answer me," said the captain.

"If I don't, I don't get no victuals," said the boy. "She's been a-beggin' to-day, and we'll have stew. I won't have none if I don't fetch nothin'." Oh—

"Who is she?" asked the captain.

"My mother," said the boy.

He thought of his own child.

"God knows I ought to be tender to the little

ones, for the sake of Nellie's child," he said softly. Then aloud—

"I'll not send you to prison."

"Thankee, sir," said the urchin.

"And I'll give you a breakfast," said the captain.

The dirty urchin executed a sort of joyous dance.

"Do you know why I forgive you?" said the captain.

The child shook his head.

"I have a little boy," said the captain. "He's very different from you, poor child! He would not steal anything."

"He washes himself. But I couldn't bear to think of his being hungry, and for his sake I can't bear to see other little fellows hungry."

"It's for his sake that I don't call an officer and tell him all about it."

"Remember that, and try to be like—like my little fellow, clean and good. Don't steal. Will you promise?"

"Yes, sir."

Then the captain led him into an eating-house, and watched him eat.

"If I could see my boy and him together now, what a contrast!"

And he fancied his boy round and white and pink, and fair of hair, like his poor lost Ellen. The meal was over.

The captain paid for it, and then drew the boy to him and lectured him.

Then he gave him a half crown, and bade him go and be good and clean.

And the boy was off like a flash.

Then the captain went in search of Mrs. Ann Golden and his own fair darling.

But Mrs. Golden was not so easily found as he had hoped.

There was a little shop in the house he had been directed to, and the keeper thereof said that she had bought it of Ann Golden.

"But I haven't seen her since," he said; "only there's a bit of card with her number on it—that is, if I can find it."

After a search, she did find it.

And the captain, thanking her, hurried away; but another disappointment awaited him.

Mrs. Golden had not lived in this second place for several years.

And now every clue was lost.

The captain, nearly beside himself with anxiety, applied to the authorities for help, and after many days of great unhappiness, heard of Ann Golden, who lived in a quarter of London so low and dangerous that all decent people shunned it.

"No wonder," the captain thought, "if she lived there, that she should have had his remittance sent to the post-office, and left him to believe that his child was still in the decent home to which she had at first taken him."

Almost ill with excitement, the poor captain drove, with a policeman as protector, into the mazes of hideous lanes and courts that led to Ann Golden's dwelling; and following his conductor, dropped into a filthy cellar, where almost in total darkness, sat an old woman with a bottle beside her, who started up when the captain and his guard entered, and cried—

"What now? What's the perlice here for? Is it one of the boys again?"

And altered as she was with years and drink, the captain knew his wife's old nurse, Ann Golden.

He darted towards her.

"My boy!" he cried

And she screamed.

"It's the captain!"

"Is my boy living?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman, shaking; "he's alive and well."

"How dare you keep him here?" cried the captain.

"How can I help being poor?" whined the woman. "I could not give up the bit you pay for him. Don't be hard on me."

"My God!" cried the captain. "My Ellen's baby in a place like this!"

He dropped his head on his hands; then he lifted it and clasped them.

"I'll have him away from here now," he gasped. "It's over, and he's young, and will forget it. Where is he? Have you lied? Is he dead?"

"No, no," said the old woman. "He'll be here soon. I hear him now. That's him. He'll be here in a minute. Don't kill a poor old body, captain don't!"

"I could do it!" cried the captain. "There is someone coming. My child, my child!"

The door opened softly.

A head peeped in low down, then drew back.

"Come in," piped the old woman. "The police arn't arter you—leastways for harm."

Captain, that's him—your boy Ned."

There crept in at the door—who? what? The wan, deformed, and dirty creature who had picked his pocket—whom he had fed for the sake of his beautiful dream-child the wretched wail, forgotten utterly in the last few days of anxiety.

"Better I had never found him," moaned the captain, "or found him dead!"

The thrill of hair was against his hand, and two beautiful blue eyes looked wistfully up into the captain's.

All of a sudden a flood of pitiful tenderness swept over Captain Penran's heart.

All the grief and shame and wounded pride left it to come back no more.

"Ellen's eyes!" he sobbed, "Ellen's boy!" and took his son to his heart.

"For his sake," he said, softly, as though he stood by the grave of the beautiful dream-child he had just buried, for his sake and Ellen's!

And then he led the child away with him.

MABEL'S LOVER.

"Never marry a poor man, my dear," said Mrs. Chesley, leaning back in her velvet-covered chair, and brushing an imaginary speck from her elegant purple silk with the tip of her fan. "I never should have to give Eleanor such advice as this were she to live a hundred years, but you are so sentimental. Look around you and note the magnificence of our home—it is in keeping with our refined tastes! Ah, me! the air of poverty is stifling!—it poisons the nature that breathes it! Imagine yourself attired in a calico dress! It is positively horrifying, my dear. I hope the contrast I have suggested to you will cure you of your foolish penchant for Louis Marston."

Mrs. Chesley sighed wearily, and pushed a straggling curl from her powdered brow.

"I must love the man that I marry!" said Mabel, quietly.

"Love again!" exclaimed Mrs. Chesley, fretfully. "Can you eat love or drink it? How absurd!"

"Then love is nonsense, mother?"

"The rankest nonsense, my dear."

"Didn't you love my father?"

"You are impertinent, miss!" retorted Mrs. Chesley, swinging her fan vigorously.

Mabel laughed merrily.

"It is a fair question, mother."

"It is none of your business—none of your business, miss, at all!" replied the fashionable matron, looking very much offended. "Things have come to a fine pass when daughters catechise their mothers in this style! I should think you would hide your head with shame!"

And drawing a bit of lace from her pocket about two inches square, Mrs. Chesley assumed a woe-begone look and prepared to cry. As this manoeuvre was always in order when every other argument failed, it made no impression upon Mabel, so rising, she left the room. For a moment or two Mrs. Chesley held the handkerchief to her eyes, and then finding she was to have no audience she restored the article to her pocket and eased her mind by uttering a few complaints and emitting a series of moans. The echoes of her querulous voice had hardly died away ere a servant entered and announced a visitor.

"Who is it?" said the lady sharply.

"He wouldn't give a card or name, madam. He appears to be an extremely singular personage, begging your pardon," replied the garrulous servant.

"He said he wished see you on very important business."

"Business!" repeated Mrs. Chesley, throwing up her hands. "As if I knew anything about business! Well, let him come in! I wonder what'll happen next."

The attendant vanished, and a moment later a snobbishly attired individual appeared in the doorway, and bowing obsequiously, advanced into the room. Presenting a card to Mrs. Chesley, he executed another flourish, and then removed his eyeglasses from his nose and proceeded to wipe them with great deliberation.

"I trust I have the honor of seeing you well, madam," he observed, while his lips parted in an urbane smile, and his snaky black eyes seemed to retreat into his head.

"Philemon Peck," mused the lady, glancing at the card, and added coldly, "You are a stranger to me, sir. Be kind enough to state your business."

"Excuse me if I take a chair," he replied, with insolent complaisance, and continued, with another grin as he tipped back at his ease: "It is more than likely, madam, that you have heard your lamented husband speak of me."

"No, sir, I never did!" interposed Mrs. Chesley, with chilling dignity. "You will oblige me by stating your errand at once and briefly."

"It is in connection with your estate."

"Then go to the executor!" interrupted the lady, rising.

Mr. Philemon Peck arose too, and began rubbing his hand, and bobbing his head, while a subtle light shone from his bead-like eyes.

"Bear with me a moment, my dear madam, and I will show you that it is both for your interest and mine to keep this matter to ourselves."

Indignation flashed in Mrs. Chesley's eyes, and burned in her cheeks.

"As if your—your interest and mine could be coupled!" she exclaimed, in a tone of withering contempt. "I will not endure such insolence! Leave my house, sir."

"The elegant Mrs. Chesley forgets herself, I am sure!" replied Philemon, placing his hand over his heart and bowing low. "Much as I regret having offended you, I cannot pass this matter over lightly."

"I'll ring for the servants if you do not go at once."

"First, my dear madam, let me ask if you know that Archibald Chesley was married before he ever saw you?"

The lady paused involuntarily. Amazement held her speechless.

"And that the first wife is still alive?" continued Mr. Philemon Peck, with an exulting grin.

Mrs. Chesley sank into her chair, and tried to lull the fears that chased each other through her brain. Could it be true? In a moment her reason arose above her imagination, and with a scornful smile she answered:

"You are either a lunatic or a villain, to come to me with such foolish stories. I will have charity and believe you the former. Now go!" and she pointed toward the door.

"Shall I tell the world that the fashionable

Mrs. Chesley has no right to the name, that she is using money which does not belong to her, that—pardon the words—but they are the words of the law—her two lovely daughters are illegitimate? Madam, this would be a most humiliating disclosure. I would save you from it, believe me."

Mrs. Chesley turned deathly pale, and gasped for breath. The very intensity of her rage forbade speech for at least three minutes, and during that time Philemon stood before her in a humble attitude, his eyes fixed upon her in pity. Tears came to her relief at last, and her overstrained nerves relaxed.

"Such insults! such outrageous insult!" she cried, her very fingers trembling. "How dare you speak so of my beloved husband? How dare you hurl your vile innuendoes at me and my daughters? And all this in my own house? Must I bear it? Oh, you hideous wretch! I will not—indeed, I will not! It is all false—a foul conspiracy!" articulated Mrs. Chesley, dropping into the vacant chair.

"Madam does injustice to her good breeding—but her feelings control her—it is pardonable," said Mr. Peck, with a grand flourish. "Let me recapitulate the points, just to show where she stands. In 1835, Archibald Chesley, then twenty-three years of age, married Sarah Upton, of Epping. We can prove this by Sarah herself, by the son of the clergyman, who saw his father marry them, and by the parish records. Nearly two years later, in 1837, Mr. Chesley left his wife, and went to London. In 1839 he made your acquaintance; a few months later he heard of his wife's death, and in 1840 he married you. The story of Sarah Chesley having died was false, and now, after twenty-five years of hardship and battle with the world, she comes to claim her legal rights. This is the outline of the case. Will madam tell me what she will do to save her own name and her daughters'?"

"What can I do?" ejaculated the unhappy woman, bursting into tears.

"The claimant sympathizes with you; she does not wish to distress you," rejoined Mr. Philemon Peck, patronizingly. "In fact, she will bind herself to hold the affair a dead secret and give you a release of all claims, if you will give her eight thousand pounds—just half of what she can legally recover."

Mrs. Chesley looked up quickly. A proposition for settlement, coming from parties who held so much proof, made it seem as if they doubted their own case. In spite of the convincing array of facts to which the lawyer had called her attention, the lady grew suspicious again.

"I will see my solicitors, and obtain their opinion," she said, meditatively.

"In that event, I am instructed to begin a suit at once," replied Mr. Peck. "In three days the affair will be common talk; your daughters will be pointed at with scorn, and you will be shunned."

"Spare me! spare me!" moaned Mrs. Chesley, as the horrible picture again arose before her mental vision. "I cannot bear that—I cannot! Oh, why have I lived to see this day?"

Suddenly realizing that she was humbling herself before a stranger, she made a strenuous effort to conceal her emotion, and said, with some spirit:

"Where has this woman been these twenty-five years? Why has she not come forward until this late hour?"

"In answering your first question, my dear madam, you cause me to pain you unnecessarily. For a period of years your husband paid her an annuity to keep away, she having revealed her existence to him a short time after he married you; after this she went abroad, and he heard nothing from her afterward. She lately returned, and hearing of Mr. Chesley's death, came to me to take her case."

"It grows deeper—it is a terrible blow to me. Tell me your terms again," said Mrs. Chesley, leaning her throbbing head upon her hand.

"Eight thousand pounds to be paid within two weeks, and the hand of your daughter Eleanor in marriage to the man whom the first Mrs. Chesley shall select. That he shall be an honorable gentleman, she will guarantee."

"This is fiendish! You may destroy my name, rifle me of all my goods, but never—never will I sell my own flesh and blood! Go—tell this to your vile employer, and leave me alone in my misery!"

She rose up grandly, her face aglow with a noble resolution, her eyes gleaming like fire. An instant she stood motionless, and then gathering her robes about her, she swept majestically from the room.

"One move too many—I trespassed too far on my success," mused Mr. Peck, screwing up one eye and pulling at his whiskers. "But I hold the winning card, and I'll play it yet."

With this he quitted the room and house. As he walked down the broad path, on each side of which beautiful flowers bloomed, he heard a chorus of sweet, girlish laughter, and abruptly turned aside into the path that led to the river. Passing by two or three servants who were spending a leisure hour in the grounds, Mr. Peck approached the stone steps that led to the silvery flowing stream. Mabel, looking surpassingly beautiful in her jaunty river costume, was standing on the second step, resting gracefully on an oar, while her twin sister Eleanor sat in the stern of the boat waiting for Mabel to embark. Mr. Philemon Peck gazed upon the two beauties with admiration, and said, very urbanely:

"Miss Mabel, please tell your mother that Mr. Peck will call again on Thursday."

Then lifting his hat, he walked away with an oscillating gait ludicrous in the extreme.

"He is some crazy man," said Mabel, merrily, as she stepped into the boat. "I wonder how he knew my name."

"I haven't the slightest idea, neither do I care?" replied Eleanor, coldly.

"You don't say so," laughed Mabel. "Be careful now, or the weight of your dignity will tip the boat over. Sit still, while I cast off. There, my sovereign, does that suit you? It's real jolly to be in the Royal Navy."

And with a sweet carol Mabel dropped into her seat, bent to her oars with grace and skill, and sent the delicate craft flying over the waters like a swan. Every moment some mirthful or witty remark left her lips, and at last Eleanor was forced to laugh, in spite of herself.

Ah! how differently they would have felt could they have known how their mother's heart was oppressed.

Arriving at length opposite a mansion somewhat similar to their own, they disembarked, moored the boat, and hurried up to the house. Here they were met by a bevy of young girls, all chattering like magpies, and laughing between every word.

"Louis is here, Belle," whispered one in Mabel's ear.

"Is he?" said the maiden, a crimson flush mantling each cheek.

The next instant Louis Marston came out upon the verandah, and the girls began making mysterious signs to each other as he advanced and greeted Mabel. He was a tall, lithe, muscular fellow, with a frank, honest face, a piercing gray eye, and curly brown hair.

Everybody liked him. Somehow he and Mabel became separated from the group, and wandered down by the river; strangely enough neither had much to say, though there were volumes of unspoken words in their eyes.

"You find me excellent company to-day, don't you, Mabel?" he said, at last.

"Oh, as good as usual," she replied, sarcastically.

"Thank you." He paused suddenly and drew a long breath. "It is useless for me to exist in this way, it is dangerous for one's happiness to trust too much to hope. Mabel, I love you."

His gray eyes were full of tender supplication, his white face and quivering lips showed the depth of his emotion.

A thrill went through the girl's heart, her very being responded to those earnest, simple words. She dared not look up; it seemed as if he knew her feelings, and the thought sent wave after wave of carmine from her white throat to her golden hair. Anon he took her hand and held it gently within his own, speaking again, in a low, intense voice:

"My darling, can you love me?"

"Yes, Louis," came the soft whisper, and her hand in his trembled.

Simultaneously they raised their eyes, and soul spoke to soul from out their glowing windows. The silence was intoxicating—their hearts beat with ecstasy—all nature seemed beautiful and glorified. The sweet moment passed, as all must, and a thought of the obstacles in their path flew in upon Mabel's mind.

"What troubles you, dearest?"

"I was thinking of mother's opposition to our union," she answered sighing.

"We shall find some way to overcome that. I will go home with you and see her."

They returned to the house, and shortly afterwards embarked in the skiff, Louis handling the oars, and Mabel taking the tiller-ropes, while Eleanor, icily indifferent, sat in the bows. Reaching the Chesley mansion, they moored the boat, and at once entered the house. They found Mrs. Chesley looking pale and troubled. Courteously Louis made known the object of his visit.

"Are you willing to incur the risk of disgrace, Mr. Marston?" was Mrs. Chesley's strange reply.

"Nothing can lessen my love for Mabel," he answered. "I do not understand you, but I know that no act or thought of hers can ever bring a blush to her cheek or mine. If she has trouble, I am willing to share it with her, and protect—"

"Then take her!" And Mrs. Chesley burst into tears, and worked her hands nervously together.

Mabel gazed upon her mother in mingled sadness and astonishment. What meant this singular manner? What cause had she to weep? Just then a thought of the stranger they had seen on the landing crossed Mabel's mind, and she repeated his message to her mother.

"So he is coming again," said Mrs. Chesley, in a heavy, listless way, "coming to torture me with the consequences of a crime that I am not guilty of! Oh, my husband! my husband! how could you deceive me so?" She passed her hands across her brow, a wild light shone from her eyes. "He didn't do it—he didn't! It's false! I won't sell Eleanor—"

"Oh, Heaven! what is this? Mother, tell me, tell Louis! We will help you!"

Mrs. Chesley had dwelt on the harrowing topic until her nerves were terribly overstrained. But the word "help" coming from Mabel's lips gave her a gleam of hope, and turning quickly to Louis, she said, with childish eagerness:

"You are a lawyer. You will help me, won't you?"

"Will all my heart, dear mother," rejoined Louis.

Mr. Philemon Peck, elated at the idea of obtaining a magnificent fee, called upon Mrs. Chesley on Thursday, and stated in his grandiloquent way that after urging his client to milder terms, she had consented to accept five thousand pounds in liquidation of her claims.

Mrs. Chesley seemed greatly troubled, and begged a few days for consideration. Mr. Peck would postpone the matter no longer. If the lady wished to settle, it must be settled virtually now. After a few moments' thought, Mrs. Chesley said that if Mr. Peck and his client would call on Monday forenoon, she would give the lady a cheque for the amount. Mr. Philemon Peck complimented Mrs. Chesley on her wisdom in choosing the lesser evil, and left her in high spirits.

Monday came promptly as usual, and at ten o'clock Mr. Philemon Peck and his client—a rather short stout woman arrived. The cheque was signed and handed over, and Mr. Peck and his client were about to depart when Mr. Marston stepped forward and proposed to give his version of the affair.

"I object to anything of the kind," interposed Mr. Peck, excitedly. "The affair is all settled, and to the best advantage. It is none of your business, at all, sir."

"We shall see," replied Louis, quietly. "You are right in saying that Archibald Chesley married Sarah Upton at Epping on the fifteenth of September, 1835; you are right as to the fact of his leaving her, too, in 1837; but instead of his going to London he went to Africa, and lived in Cape Town until 1843, when he was killed by being crushed under a log. The men who were working with him at the time, the man who dug his grave and lowered him into it are in this house. There happened to be two Archibald Chesleys in the world, Mr. Philemon Peck, and your game is up."

Philemon turned all colors, gasped for breath, and made a rush for the door, where he was caught by a constable and securely held. The false Mrs. Chesley darted for the window, jumped out with remarkable agility, and landed in the arms of an officer, who was stationed there to meet just such a contingency as this.

"You have done a noble week's work, my dear Louis," said Mrs. Chesley, grasping his hand. "Had it not been for your efforts I should have been robbed, for I could not visit my own solicitors. I am proud of you."

Need it be told that Mabel and Louis are all in all to each other in their double life? Philemon and his client were thoroughly frightened and then release, as Mrs. Chesley did not wish to appear in a criminal court as prosecutor.

"TAKE THE OTHER HAND."

We cannot too much admire the beauty and truth of that philosophy which determines to make the best of it, however difficult and tiresome duty may be. Such a spirit in children is attractive indeed, and a powerful lesson to many who are older.

On a lovely day in the commencement of spring, a young lady, who had been anxiously watching for some weeks by the bedside of her mother, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air, for her heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. After strolling some distance she came to a ropewalk, and, being familiar to the place, she entered. At the end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel. Thinking this too laborious employment for such a mere child, she said to him as she approached:

"Who sent you to this place?"

"No body, ma'am; I came myself."

"Do you get pay for your labor?"

"Indeed I do; I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with the money?"

"Oh, mother gets it all."

"You give nothing to father, then?"

"I have no father, ma'am."

"Do you like this kind of work?"

"Oh, well enough; but if I did not like it I should still do it, that I might get the money for mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine to twelve in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"Do you get tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes, ma'am."

"And what do you do then?"

"Why, I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money.

"Is this for mother?" asked the well-pleased urchin.

"No, no; it is for yourself, because you are a good little boy."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," returned the boy smiling; "mother will be glad."

The young lady departed, and returned home, strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words and example of a mere child.

"The next time duty seems hard to me," she said to herself, "I will imitate this little boy, and take the other hand."

Too MUCH FOR THE RAILWAY CLERK.—A worthy pastor from a Swiss canton, when about to take his return ticket after a visit to Geneva, asked if any deduction was made to gentlemen of his profession. Some doubt being expressed as to his being a clergyman, he offered to read the official one of his sermons. The offer was declined.

HAUNTED.

A sweet face follows me where'er I go,
And will not be put by—
A face with heavenly beauty so aglow,
I cannot wonder why—
Not I, my heart, not I!

It makes for me the heaviest burdens light.
When griefs beset my breast,
It comes to me and will not take its flight,
But soothes me into rest,
This vision bright and blest.

It goes with me through all the thorny ways
Wherein my footsteps wend,
It brings me sunlight in the darkest days,
And will unto the end
Be an all-helpful friend.

It haunts me in the city's careless crowd;
With peace its eyes are rife;
It calls to me above the tumult loud—
Above the petty strife
Of this poor life.

Its white hands beckon me by night and day,
Fain would I follow on;
But wedded is my soul to its dull clay,
And I am weak and worn—
A bruised reed forlorn.

A FATAL PICTURE.

Mrs. Ellerton was a beautiful woman. It was not vanity, however, but poverty, induced her to offer for sale a full-sized portrait of herself.

The picture was a work of art, executed in the highest style by her own hand, in times of ease and luxury. She had painted one of her husband also; but he was dead and his likeness still kept its place over the mantel-piece in her unpretending little studio.

Mrs. Ellerton was married at seventeen; had three children—Vane, Ronald, and Ethelinda. The latter was twelve months old when her father died, an event which occurred three years previous to the opening of my story.

In consequence of this untoward event, the widow and orphans had to quit their happy country home to rent a small house in the metropolis.

Here Mrs. Ellerton enjoyed a comfortable subsistence, principally by the exercise of her talents, and she found a panacea for sorrow in the employment of her mind, and in the consciousness that she was working for her little ones. At present, she wanted money. So she took her picture from its place beside her husband's, and entrusted it to a respectable shopkeeper, with whom she dealt. He hung it in his window, ticketing it for sale.

Many-bidders came; but the price was high, and they went away disappointed. Two gentlemen sauntered up the street, and halted to look at the picture.

"I say, Saunders," said the taller, "have you ever seen a more bewitchingly beautiful face?"

"Can't say I have, my lord. But portraits, as a rule, are always overdrawn. Nature is not so lavish of her gifts, even to those she most favors."

"You may be wrong. Perhaps this is the portrait of some unknown nymph."

"Scarcely, as, if it be true to nature, it represents a belle of the last century. No such beauty exists in this generation."

"Nonsense! The costume is of the present day. Let us settle all doubts on the subject, and inquire from the shopkeeper."

"Excuse me, my lord: I have an appointment at five."

"Certainly! *Au revoir!*"

Lord Huntly was a handsome young nobleman, proud of his title, his riches, and himself. Whether he had just cause for the latter conceit, those who knew him intimately might consider an open question. He was courted in society, and flattered by his dependants. The homage gratified him, and he felt himself indispensable to the world in general.

Parting with his companion without regret, he entered the shop, and was pleased to find his surmises correct.

He learnt from the shopkeeper that the picture which had so deeply interested him possessed an original.

"It is an admirable painting! The subject is beautiful!" suggested his lordship.

"Your lordship does not exaggerate the merits of either the subject or the artist," replied the seller.

"Do you know the address of the artist, and the name of the lady?"

"Yes; Mrs. Ellerton. It is a lady's portrait of herself."

"Indeed! Then, to mark my sense of its worth, I will give one hundred and fifty guineas for the picture. Have it sent home at once."

"My lord, you are far too generous," the astonished vendor said, surprised at the liberality of Lord Huntly; the price offered is much beyond my expectation, and will give great satisfaction to Mrs. Ellerton."

"Mrs. Ellerton is too diffident; she does not set a proper value on her work. But, by the way, Dingle, does she give sittings?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Favor me with her address; my friends would willingly avail themselves of her talent as an artist. She deserves patronage."

With alacrity the address was written down,

and the tradesman, bowing obsequiously, presented it to the young nobleman, congratulating himself upon his *finesse* in having secured so large a sum, and such distinguished patronage for the lady.

With a request that his name should not be mentioned as a purchaser, Lord Huntly left the picture-dealer, resolved to lose no time before seeing the beautiful face which had thus fascinated him.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am, in the drawing-room," murmured the servant, handing her mistress a card.

Maud Ellerton was giving a few touches to a landscape, and did not immediately heed the announcement. Her thoughts were absorbed in her work. The time for its completion was nigh; and she was always punctual in the fulfilment of her promise.

The servant repeated her message.

"I told you, Margaret, I can see no visitors to-day."

"That's what I said, ma'am; an' he made answer that you'd be sure an' see him when you'd know who he was."

Maud glanced at the card. "Lord Huntly! I don't know him! Tell his lordship I am particularly engaged."

Margaret retired, did as she was bid, and returned to press the request.

"Plaze, ma'am, he said, if you'll do him the favor, I think the word is, he won't keep you five minutes."

A look of annoyance crossed the lady's face; but she laid aside the brushes, and prepared to ascend to the little drawing-room. In the judgment of Lord Huntly, Mrs. Ellerton had failed to do justice to her own majestic loveliness. True, her portrait was a good representation of the faultless figure and face; but the ever-varying expression of joy and sadness fitting over the features could not be transferred to canvas.

Mrs. Ellerton had no idea that the nobleman before her was the purchaser of her portrait. All she knew was that the sum so easily acquired had relieved her from pecuniary embarrassment. Lord Huntly was personally unknown to her, though she had heard of him; and not suspecting that admiration for herself had prompted his visit, Maud received him with her usual easy dignity.

Though slightly confused, Lord Huntly was too much a man of the world to betray what he felt. Advancing towards her, he courteously apologized for his unreasonable visit; said he had heard of her artistic talents; was confident her time was fully occupied; but she would greatly oblige him if she could spare some of it, to enlarge and paint a picture from a crayon drawing of Swiss scenery, which he would send her.

"I shall not be at liberty to do so for a few days," Maud replied. "And as your lordship is doubtless in a hurry for it, that may be too late."

"Not at all; I can wait your convenience, madam." Then, remembering how urgently he had begged an interview, he added, "I am leaving town this evening, and the drawing being at Huntly Castle, where I am going, I had a wish to see you, to know whether I might have it forwarded. It is immaterial when you do it; in six months, or by the end of the year."

"I could commence it next week, my lord, and judge of the time it will take when I see it."

"Will you give me permission to call, and occasionally inspect its progress?"

"Certainly, my lord."

Nothing more remained to be said; so Lord Huntly reluctantly took his leave, passionately in love with Maud Ellerton.

"Mamma, me look for 'ou in the pictures, not find 'ou," lisped a little angel in white, wearing blue boots. She was a miniature counterpart of her mother. She was running out of the studio, which she called "picture."

"Was my darling looking for me?" said the lady, raising her daughter in her arms.

"Me mamma's pet," prattled she, nestling closely in her mother's embrace.

"Yes, darling; Linda is her mother's own pet."

"Mamma not be lost, and doo'way from Linda?"

"No, love; mamma will never, never leave Linda. Here is a book of pretty pictures; won't Linda amuse herself, and let mamma work?"

The child settled herself near a window, and obediently did as she was told; while her mother, after raining kisses on her daughter's neck and brow, took up her brushes and resumed her task.

The drawing from Huntly Castle duly arrived; and scarcely a day elapsed without the presence of its owner in the studio, ostensibly because his interest in the work was great; in reality, because his love for Maud had reached such a pitch, when he felt he could not exist away from her.

His lordship had often fallen in love before, had tired of its object, and extricated himself from the dilemma as suddenly as he got into it. But this young widow, although so indifferent to his fascinations, enthralled him by her exceeding grace and beauty, and he could not shake off the chains with which he was bound.

Maud was neither ambitious nor very susceptible, or she would sooner have become aware of his object in seeking her society. She might have formed an affection for him, but the mild glance of her husband, as she had seen it in the heyday of their married life, looked down from the portrait over the mantel-piece, and forbade her to forget, and retarded the growth of any feeling, save friendship, for Lord Huntly. But

his respectful devotion was gradually winning her; and when, at last, he declared his love, she awoke to the knowledge that to reject it would be to destroy her own happiness.

There was nothing to prevent their union but the children, and against these innocents he had contracted a lasting hatred. In his estimation, they were the means of having so long kept their mother's love from him; and they were, also, the offspring of a man he considered beneath himself.

Mrs. Ellerton did not suspect the state of her lover's feelings towards her children, nor did he allow her to do so, until he had so completely won her love that she would have resigned life itself for him; and then he cast aside the mask, and signified his wishes.

"You will not let your children be obstacles in the way of our marriage?"

"No."

"Then listen. I cannot bear a single human being to share your affections with me."

"And what is it you wish me to do?"

"You must let me have the exclusive care of your family."

"I will not forsake my children," she promptly replied. "What can you mean, Lord Huntly?"

"What I say, madam," was the haughty reply, "These are the alternatives. Choose between me and them!"

His brow was stern; his determined lips were compressed.

"I am wretched; I know not what to do!" faltered the unhappy lady.

The deep despair depicted in her voice and attitude touched him a little.

"You don't love me, Maud. I have no business here." And he rose to go.

She threw herself on her knees before him, and caught his hands in hers.

"Oh, don't leave me like this, Ernest, or I shall die! Don't be angry with me, but I cannot desert my children—I cannot!"

"Then we part!" he coldly said. "You know my conditions! To-morrow I shall expect your reply! Good-bye!"

He stooped carelessly, kissed her forehead, and retired.

Maud Ellerton had never dreamt of the possibility of having to make such an election—to separate from the children she loved, or the lover she idolized. Many were the conflicting emotions which arose in her mind as she restlessly paced her chamber—at one moment vowing, come what would, she would never desert her children; then the lover was too terrible to contemplate. Surely he would not always require this sacrifice, she thought. She would trust her children to him, and, by her confidence, win him over to love them as she did. And this was the resolution to which she at length arrived.

Very often during that night did she seek the nursery, and bending over the little couches, kissed the sleepers, while her tears fell fast on the coverlet.

Lord Huntly knew the extent of her love for him too well to be surprised at the result of her deliberations.

"Maud, my darling," he said, "I shall not forget this proof of your confidence in me. I will never deceive or forsake you."

How his words came back to her, and seemed a cruel mockery, in after-years.

Before departing with her lover, Maud went into the studio to deposit a note and a purse for Vane. As she turned to go, she cast a glance at the picture of her husband.

To her excited imagination, the features which her own hands had painted gazed down sternly and reproachfully upon her, and she felt her strength failing, so, covering her face with her hands, she tottered from the room.

A carriage was in waiting. Lord Huntly handed her in, seated himself by her side, and the prancing horses dashed away in the direction of Huntly Castle.

Yes, she was gone. Through love for this man she had forgotten her duty, and bitter was the punishment that followed. His lordship's chaplain was in readiness to receive them, and they were married by special license in the Castle chapel.

Vane, a quiet, affectionate boy, on his return from school, entered the studio in search of his mother. He wondered to find her absent, and to see a letter addressed to himself. He tore it open, and read the tear-stained, incoherent words:—

"Vane, my beloved son, I am going away for a little while. Don't hate me. I shall be married to Lord Huntly when you get this letter. Be good to Ronald and my Linda. It breaks my heart to part from you, my children; but I shall soon see you. Don't hate me, my son."

"Oh, mother! how could you go away without bidding me good-bye!" he went; but consoled himself in some degree with the thought she would return; and he commenced the sad task of comforting his little brother and sister. But week after week passed, and Lady Huntly did not come, nor did her husband take any measures to provide subsistence for the children.

The landlord was a hard man, and averse to troubling his head about other people's affairs; but he knew the circumstances of the case, and having had the pictures and furniture sold to meet his demands for rent, he called Vane to him, and handed him the balance.

"Do you know the value of a pound?" he asked.

"I think I do, sir."

"Well, I fancy so too, for you're a clever little fellow; but you'd better be sure of it. This is the proceeds of your property. Mend shoes, or

do something to add to the store. It's all you have to buy food with for I know not how long."

Left at so tender an age self-dependent, Vane settled in the cheapest lodgings the servant could procure him; and, a world of trouble in his young heart, began life, in company with his tiny charges.

Ronald was a merry child. His new home afforded him amusement. Nothing could cheer Linda. She was continually calling for her mother. Illness attacked her. The little hands were burning in fever, the weak brain was wandering, and "Mamma—mamma, take me up!" was the burden of her cry.

Vane determined to brave the cruel man who had carried off his mother, and bring her home. With this intent he set out, one morning, and took the road to Huntly Castle. It was difficult to reach it, and night had fallen when he got there.

There was a carriage at the front door. A lady and gentleman, attired in ball costume, were in the hall; and in the lady, poor, shivering Vane recognised his mother.

He ascended the steps, and stood in the brilliant light. She saw him, and stretched forth her arms to embrace him. He sprang into them, and was once again clasped to his mother's breast.

Lord Huntly advanced in a towering passion, and dared, by force, to separate the mother from her child.

"Place this boy beyond the gates!" he shouted to a footman, who promptly obeyed, and dragged the lad to the door. "Beware!" he spoke to Vane, as the boy turned a pitying gaze towards his parent. "If ever you come trespassing here again, you shall be imprisoned as a vagrant!"

The carriage passed the wanderer at full speed, while he retraced his steps, weary, desolate and heart-sick.

Lady Huntly neither wept nor lost her senses, although she heard, above the roll of the carriage wheels, the cry, "Mother, come to Ethel; she is dying!" She played her part at the ball. Some of the guests remarked her unnatural pallor, but she did not complain of languor; and when it was her husband's pleasure, she went home. But the veriest beggar might have pitied the tortured heart beating so fitfully beneath the robe of velvet and lace.

Thanks to his courageous spirit and persevering industry, Vane, on reaching his twenty-second year, was a rich man. He had not followed his landlord's recommendation "to mend shoes." But he inherited his mother's talent for painting. This he had assiduously cultivated. His pictures sold rapidly, and made for him influential friends, who encouraged the young artist in his career. His fame was established. Out of evil sometimes springs good. Only for his mother's desertion, his fortune might have been otherwise. She had marked out another path for him to tread, which was not congenial to his taste.

Thrown upon his own resources, he discovered that he possessed a gift of which none could deprive him. The helpless little brother and sister dependent on him were incentives to action. One of his first cares was for the future of his brother and sister. Ronald was destined for the bar; Ethelinda became an accomplished girl. She was the image of her mother, of whom the discarded children had but a dim recollection. Vane did not deceive them as to her conduct. He would tell them some day; but he deferred the sad story as long as he could, fearing they would despise her if they knew the truth.

The Ellertons were restored to their old home; Vane had re-purchased. It was one of his few idle days. He sat in an easy chair, reading the newspaper. He was silent.

Ethel and Ronald exchanged glances.

"Vane has the paper upside down. He has been reading backwards this last hour," she remarked.

"Is it a peculiarity of genius, not to read like common people," observed Ronald.

"It is so, Vane?" asked Ethel, laughing. "Pray teach me to be above the vulgar."

She drew aside the paper, and was startled to see his troubled features.

"What is it, Vane—are you ill?" she asked.

"Yes—no," he replied with confusion. "Don't be uneasy, Ethel; I want a quick walk in the open air, that's all."

He put the newspaper in his pocket, and was leaving the room, when Ronald called after him. "Won't you let us see the news, like a good fellow?"

"Pardon me," said Vane. And throwing the newspaper upon the table, he went out.

"Possibly an adverse criticism on his picture has annoyed him," suggested Ronald, unfolding it.

"I fear he is ill," replied Ethel. "Vane's fame is established and an ill-natured notice would be of slight consequence to him."

"I have it, Ethel," presently said Ronald. "Here it is—Elopement in High Life."

Listen:

"It is our painful duty to record an elopement which had caused considerable noise in Springshire. Miss Sylvan, only daughter of Sir Hanby Sylvan (a much esteemed baronet), whose marriage was arranged to take place the fourteenth of next month, with an Indian nabob, quitted her father's house on Friday night, in company with Lord Huntly, a married man. Sir Hanby has used every means to discover the whereabouts of the fugitives, but without success. It is believed they have sailed

for Italy. Much sympathy is felt for the afflicted father, and the forsaken wife of the erratic lord."

"This is the only stirring event in the columns. And Vane wanted to prevent your seeing it, lest it should put run-away notions into your head, Ethel. And he would awaken some day from his dreams of immortality, and find you had vanished with that handsome friend of his, Clifford Maunsell."

Ethel hid her face with one hand, as she answered, "What nonsense you do talk, Ronald! It is far more likely he would find you vanished with Clifford's sister Mary."

This was an indisputable point. And Ronald flushed crimson; while Ethel added, "I pity Lady Huntly. I wonder if Vane knows anything of the family? We are quite close to their seat here. I must ask him this evening."

Vane returned late. His face had the same haggard look it had worn in the morning. The battle had been fierce between filial love and duty; but he decided to seek out his mother, and bring her home.

It was the same day as she learned the full extent of her husband's perfidy. She was used to neglect and harshness through all those years, and received the blow in silence.

She had sat for hours, her hands clasped in her lap, without uttering a word. At last she rose, and entered the picture gallery. She took down her portrait from her husband's side, drew it out of its gilded frame, and deliberately cut it into shreds.

"Visitors at Huntly Castle shall not stop opposite a picture which wrought me so much woe, and sneeringly say, 'Behold the portrait of a silly woman who deserted her children for a man who became the instrument of her punishment.'"

And Lady Huntly asked herself where they were now whom, twelve years before, she cruelly left to their fate, to follow the fortune of a reprobate. As she gazed fitfully at his lordship's portrait on the wall memory reverted to the night of the ball, and the pleading voice of her son rang in her ears, "Mother, come to Ethel; she is dying!" and that lord cast the boy as a vagrant from his sight.

She laughed bitterly as she repeated his words. "I will never forsake you!" How they mocked her to-night!

Full of these painful recollections, she resolved that not another hour should roof of his shelter her head. She put on a bonnet, muffled herself in a shawl, and went down stairs. The white-haired butler met her in the hall. He came towards her, pity and respect pervading his demeanor.

"Oh, my lady! don't go out!" he cried, giving way to his feelings of terror, and wringing his hands.

The sight of the old man's grief brought the tears of sympathy to her.

"I am not unmindful of your fidelity," she received; "but I must go. Be under no apprehension; I shall not throw away my life. I have sinned mortally; my punishment is just."

She put out her hand; the servant's tears fell upon it; and the next moment she was crossing the greensward, heedless whither she went. And the gates of Huntly Castle opened, and closed behind her, shutting her out for ever.

She approached a dark, gurgling stream; stillness reigned around her; but the resplendent firmament was reflected in the water, and in its silent grandeur and purity rebuked her, and forbade her to hope for rest in a suicide's grave. She bowed her head, murmured a prayer, and pursued her solitary way.

When opposite her former home, the direction which she had mechanically taken, she halted to examine it; and, leaning against a pillar, kept a fixed gaze upon the drawn blind. The shadows of the figures within were visible.

"Were those people as happy as she was once?" was the question she asked herself.

By-and-by, the door opened, and Vane stood on the threshold. The apparition in the moonlight attracted his attention. He had just revealed the history of their mother to Ethel and Ronald. He was then thinking of her.

Some secret power impelled him to go to the weary wanderer. He led her into the house. Though years of sorrow had lined her face, he had still a vivid remembrance of the stately form and magnificent figure. Vane recognised his mother. How glad he was! He felt rewarded for all his exertions; they would have such a happy home.

"Mother," he said, "you have come to us at last!"

Her looks were riveted upon him. She knew she was with her children. The suddenness of the reaction overcame her, and she fainted.

In his strong arms Vane bore her to Ethel and Ronald. They did not despise her. Their hearts yearned towards their parent. Tended with the assistance of gentle hands and loving hearts, Lady Huntly soon recovered. She obtained peace, but her constitution was shattered, and day by day her strength declined. The truth flashed upon her children that she had come home only to die.

She was most anxious about Ethel, though Clifford Maunsell, her betrothed lover, was an especial favorite with her.

It was a balmy summer evening. Ronald had wheeled the invalid's couch to the window, and taken up his position beside it, along with his brother and sister.

"Do you feel pain, mother?" he asked.

"No, my son, except here." And she pressed her hand to her side. "Breaking hearts take a

long time to kill; but I deserved my fate; I was guilty of a great crime."

"Dearest mamma, not guilty. Don't use the horrid word in connexion with yourself," said Ethel.

"It is true, darling. I forsook you all in your infancy, and erected an idol which I worshipped. Alas! it has fallen. Life is nearly over. What a trying one it has been! But mercy has come to me. I am permitted to see my children, and even to possess their love. Ethel I have a favor to ask; will you grant it?"

"Tell me, mamma, what it is?"

"If ever you meet him—you know who I mean—tell him I have prayed that he might be forgiven, as I have been. Is it too hard for you, dear child?"

"No, mamma; I will. I promise."

Lady Huntly laid her thin hands upon Ethel's golden hair, and raised her dying gaze upwards. She whispered, "Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." And with this petition on her lips, she expired.

Lord Huntly arrived at Huntly Castle. Tired of dissipation abroad, he determined to remain for the future at home, and seek a reconciliation with his wife. Pre-occupied with these thoughts, his lordship walked through the churchyard which separated one part of his demesne from another. He came to a white marble monument right in his path. Though not given as a rule to the perusal of epitaphs, he stopped to read the inscription on this. It was his wife's. Her remains did not rest in the vault of the Huntlys, but near the grave of her first husband.

If Lord Huntly was capable of feeling remorse, he must have experienced it at this moment, while standing by the tomb of one he had so deeply injured.

Sad of heart, he stood and gazed at the pedestal of woe, and was full of regrets, when a girlish form, in mourning, approached. She had seen him wending his way thither, and remarking his commanding person, was informed by Vane that the wayfarer was no other than the destroyer of her early home and happiness, Lord Huntly.

She looked at him, and despite his miserable appearance, could not help a feeling of loathing stealing over her. But she had a duty to perform, and, however unpleasant the office, she must not shrink from it.

"Lord Huntly, I presume?" she said, interrogatively.

His lordship started, gently raised his hat, and bowed.

"I am the daughter of the lady whose memory that monument is raised to commemorate."

The astonished nobleman was about to speak—she motioned him to silence.

"My mother, on her dying bed, wished me to tell you, if I ever met you, that with her last breath she forgave you the wrongs you did her and hers."

Her voice faltered, and in broken accents she concluded.

"And she prayed that you might be pardoned, as she had been."

Relieved from a burden, Ethel turned to go.

"Stay!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken nobleman. "Can you not also forget?"

"Impossible. Can you restore my mother?—recall the weary, wasted years of the past?"

But the pitying angel came to her aid as she strode away. Turning she said, "We must meet no more, yet I forgive you."

There were two weddings in the village church shortly after. Ronald and Mary Maunsell were united; Clifford and Ethel following suit. The sun shone brightly on the brides at the altar. Vane gave them away; but he never married. The shadow of his youth remained upon his pathway; he was "wedded to his art."

CHRISTIE'S BRAVERY.

The breeze blew freshly off the bay—too fresh, indeed, for Mrs. Dayton and Christie St. John, who sauntered in to the fire in the drawing-room, that sparkled and crackled merrily that frosty November morning.

Mrs. Dayton and Christie St. John went in, and Mr. Dayton and Frank Orme remained without, on the balcony, scenting the cold, nipping air, with the keen relish of their young, healthy constitutions.

"It is wonderful that Mrs. Dayton elects to remain at Bayside so late—wonderfully complimentary to her good sense."

Mr. Orme nodded towards the drawing-room windows where Mrs. Nora Dayton's gay, piquant face was seen so plainly through the plate-glass panes.

"Yes. We have taken such a fancy to our summer residence, you see; and Nora assures me housekeeping is just as convenient, and the cubs are certainly better and rosier here."

Frank Orme glanced at the window again, while Mr. Dayton was speaking—glanced purposely to see what he did see—Christie St. John's fair face, relieved so admirably against the dark crimson curtains, and folled so rarely by Mrs. Dayton's dark, brunette beauty.

A very attractive girl she was; not pretty at all; not even good-looking, as one looked casually at her; but with regular features, a little hard and stern for a woman when in perfect repose, but with such a capability of passion in her large, dark-grey eyes, with their heavy jet-

black lashes and brows. A rather haughty mouth—not too small, yet unspeakably womanly in the full curve of the scarlet lips; a mouth that while Frank Orme knew indicated a curious commixture of pride and sensitiveness, he often caught himself wondering about—if it ever had, or would or could have, part in real love smile. If it should, he was persuaded Christie St. John would break any man's heart.

He was very interested in Miss St. John; indeed, a deal more than Mrs. Dayton approved of, considering Mr. Orme was her cousin, and Miss Christie her children's teacher in French, music, and several other little accomplishments.

She had almost reluctantly brought Christie down to Bayside, knowing Frank was sure to summer with them, even with his own house only two miles off—two miles from her sweet face; and Christie, with her quiet, sensitive perception, had fathomed the feeling, and been more retired and reticent than even was her usual style.

So through June, and florid July; through long August days and moonlight autumn nights Christie and Frank had met, and parted, and slept under the same roof, and ate at the same table, and—thought their own thoughts.

Frank Orme had never made any parade of what he thought, for the reason that he hardly knew himself what he meant. Certainly Christie's sweet, ladylike ways were very enchanting, and once or twice he had looked suddenly at her, caught her glance, and seen her flush like a carnation, while his own heart thrilled a response.

Was it love? did he love this quiet, undemonstrative girl?

He asked himself the question over and over again; day by day taught him the answer, until, on this chill November day, with the keen wind driving up from the bay that sent the two women together within the plate-glass and red curtains, he knew he would ask Christie St. John to be nearest, dearest, best, all-in-all to him.

And so it came to pass that he looked into the warm room for a glimpse of her dear face, and saw it, and was gladdened by the sight.

He did not say a word to Mr. Dayton. Why should he? He was only Mr. Dayton's guest, and certainly not bound, even by laws of hospitality, to tell him he had solved the puzzle of a lifetime beneath his roof-tree.

He had not as yet mentioned anything to Nora; for two reasons he had held his peace. One was, he had not been sure of himself; the other, he knew how averse Nora would be—why, he could not imagine. Now he resolved to ask her at once; and he threw away his cigar-stump, and left Mr. Dayton to enjoy the mild winter day alone.

At the drawing-room door he met Christie, just passing through; her face bent down, consulting a slip of paper in her hands—her fair, shapely white hands without a ring to hide the full beauty of her fingers. She looked up hastily as he spoke her name; a swift flush surged over her face, as she passed on with a grave bow.

It delighted Frank—that silence of hers was golden, and his face was radiant as he went into his cousin's august presence.

Mrs. Dayton sat just where Christie had left her, her pretty, brightly-dark face bending over the pages of a voluminous receipt-book, her eyes mirroring the anxiety she was experiencing lest Mr. Dayton's favorite cheese sauce and stuffed egg-plant should not receive due attention.

Frank sauntered lazily in—lazily for a man come to learn the awful "why" he ought not marry his cousin's children's governess.

"Deep in the mysteries of dinner preparations, Nora? Will I interrupt you? Isn't this Miss John's chair?"

Mrs. Dayton closed her book on her thumb, and looked past Frank out to the wide-reaching waters of the bay.

"I was consulting my cookery-book, but you are never an intruder. That is Miss St. John's chair, Frank," suddenly, sharply; "why do you invariably introduce her name?"

He lolled comfortably back where she had rested her jetty-haired head, and laughed at the feminine openness of Mrs. Nora's attack.

"Why," he answered pleasantly, "because I can introduce no subject more agreeable. Isn't that candid?"

"Very," she returned coldly. "I hope Miss St. John appreciates your opinion of her."

"I hope so," gravely, tenderly. "I certainly hope so, for my own sake, when I ask her to be my wife."

Mrs. Dayton gave a little gasp of astonishment and horror.

"Frank Orme! Is it possible! the idea! Why, why—upon my word, I'm thunder-struck!"

"I see no reason," he said, quietly, a little twinkle in his eyes. "What possible objection have you to offer? Surely a lady suitable to undertake the moral training of your little ones is very suitable for my spiritual instructor—wretch that I am."

"Well, I think you are a wretch. Oh, Frank, she isn't for you. She's a perfect little calf, if I must say it. An egregious coward, trembles if a goose hisses at her, and turns white and nearly faints if a dog happens to run towards her. A noble woman she!"

A little frown wrinkled on Frank's forehead. "A miserable foundation to build your fault-finding upon, dear cousin mine. I am sure cowardice does not necessarily consist of being afraid of the hiss of a goose, or the bark of a dog. She may be a truer heroine than you—more courageous at heart than I."

Little Mrs. Nora's nose went up almost to an angle of forty-five degrees.

"Very well; you can't say I didn't warn you. If you are so blindly infatuated now, it's to be hoped you will not be disheartened when you hear her scream because a spider is on her, or have her faint away at sight of a caterpillar."

Then Mrs. Dayton opened her book with so resolute "I-wash-my-hands-of-the-entire-affair" way, that Frank discreetly took himself off.

"What did you say, Dr. Rose?"

Mrs. Dayton was pale as death, standing on tottering limbs before the grey-haired physician who looked pityingly down on her horror-stricken face.

"I think it will be a well-marked case of malignant small-pox. Fortunately Miss St. John has not been near any of you since she has been seriously ailing; her room, you say, is in the remotest wing?"

"Oh, yes, clear over in the unused portion. Nobody dreamed she was ill enough to need a doctor until her raving delirium wakened us last night. She is sane now?"

"Perfectly, but very, very ill. I need not tell you to religiously avoid her locality, and to thoroughly disinfect the premises. I will send a nurse as soon as possible."

He drove away in his low phaeton, leaving Mrs. Dayton, with her little children, huddling in an affright he knew not the cause of, around her, and she, shivering with mortal fear and anger that Christie St. John, whom she never especially liked, who was at most only a servant, should dare to get the loathsome disease, and bring it into her very house.

What should she do? To tell the servants would be an instantaneous stampede from Bayside, leaving her in a worse fix than the present. To keep them in ignorance was a bit of deception she hardly dared practise.

All she could do, until Mr. Dayton came home that night, was to "religiously avoid" the locality where poor Christie lay alone, tossing in the intolerably awful ache that seemed to tear every sinew and joint to pieces; perfectly rational, and wondering, as she lay in the semi-darkness, with the fever running madly along her veins, what Mrs. Dayton would think when she heard of the misfortune that had befallen—not Christie St. John—but Mrs. Dayton's family.

And the dear little children—"cubs" Mr. Dayton called them—was there any danger of their taking the horrid disease? And—the thought sent a hotter flush to her scarlet face, a duller pang to her heart—Mr. Frank Orme!

She loved him; on her sick bed, where no friend came, she admitted the sweet truth; she loved him, and he—she ran such a fearful risk on her account!

And what was she compared to him? her life to his?

And she answered the question from the very depths of her proud, brave heart, strong in love and duty. She answered it, as not one woman in ten thousand would have answered it; this girl, who thus deliberately risked her life for the sake of others—this girl who screamed at the touch of a caterpillar, who shocked Mrs. Dayton's propriety by avoiding a flock of geese.

Strong with fever, Christie St. John arose from her bed, dressed herself with hot, quivering fingers, and wrote a trembling line on a sheet of paper:—

"I was afraid you'd take the illness; I go to save you trouble."

That was her legacy of courage that she left as she stole away, on silent, swift foot, out into the freezing night air, that struck an awful deadly chill to the very marrow of her bones.

On to her death, was she?

Perhaps—as God willed; but she'd save Frank Orme!

A softly-burning lamp, shaded by a sea-green china screen; a low, cheery fire in an open grate, lace curtains hanging in folds over green damask. A pleasant room, warm, large, and Christie St. John opened her eyes, after a week's blind struggle with death, to find herself alive after that terrible faintness and chilliness on the bay shore.

It was a face so like Frank Orme's that bent over her that she smiled gladly; then, with a sudden realization of the danger—possibly unknown to them—of her illness, she shrank away into the pillows.

"It's small-pox—oh! don't let me give it to him!"

The kindly face smiled assuringly.

"Don't be afraid, dear. We've all had it, long years ago, and Frank never would forgive me if I neglected you. He says you are to be my daughter. Is that true, dear?"

Was it true? Ah, Christie knew then what her life had been saved for—to give to Frank Orme; and from thence she dedicated it, with all its incomparable bravery, to him.

THE COLOGNE GAZETTE states that a company is about to be formed to raise the treasures which are still lying in the "Lutine," a ship that went down about 100 years ago in the Zuyderzee. It is well known that the wreck of the ship still promises to the value of 12,000,000 guilden (£1,000,000) in ready money, while about 50 years ago about eight millions were brought to light.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE AGES OF MAN.—A writer thus divides the ages of man:

The golden decade is between 30 and 40	
The silver " " " 40 and 50	
The brazen " " " 20 and 30	
The iron " " " 50 and 60	
The tin " " " 60 and 70	
The wooden " " " 70 and 80	

UNPRONOUNCEABLES.—Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in one of the magazines, tells us, by authority of the orthographic sufferer, how to spell the name Tourguéneff; now if some one, say Bjornstjerne Bjornson, would kindly tell us how to pronounce Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's name, we should feel less tired when we saw it. We have a kindly feeling toward the old darkey who got over his difficulty with patriarchal names in his Bible reading; he said, "I call them all Moses, and let them go."

THE DUTIES OF CAVALRY IN WARFARE.—The Russian Ministry of War has offered three prizes of 5,000, 3,000, and 2,000 roubles respectively for the best writings on the duties of cavalry in warfare at the present day. The books or essays need not necessarily be written in Russian. The one obtaining the first prize will be printed and published by the government, and any profit accruing from its sale will be handed over to the author in addition to the prize, aspirants for which are invited to apply for particulars to the general staff.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.—Napoleon met one day an old soldier with one arm; he stopped, and said to him, "Where did you lose your arm?" "Sire, at Austerlitz," was the reply. "And you were not decorated?" asked the Emperor. "No, Sire; I was forgotten." "Then," rejoined Napoleon, "here is my own cross for you: I make you Chevalier." "Ah, Sire," exclaimed the soldier, "your Majesty names me Chevalier because I have lost one of my arms; what would your Majesty have done if I had lost them both?" "I should have created you officer of the Legion," answered Napoleon. Thereupon the soldier instantly drew his sword and cut off his other arm!!

SEEKING THE CIRCUS.—It is said that the Kentucky Legislature once wanted to adjourn to attend a circus; a country court in Indiana, owing to the desire of witnesses and persons to see the circus, obligingly adjourned to gratify them, the judge going in dead head; a camp-meeting in Illinois took a recess for half a day once, to see the wonders of nature, and the feats of agility exhibited by a highly moral circus and menagerie; farmhands stipulate in Georgia, in their contract, for liberty to "go de circus," and the best of men have a weakness for the hoop la, paint, spangles and sawdust of the arena. And lately in Pennsylvania, a funeral was postponed on a circus coming to town.

THE ORIGIN OF WELSH RABBIT.—It used to be a common habit of etymologists, when a word was troublesome, to alter it a little, so as to put sense into it.—One of these clever scholars was puzzled that a Welsh rabbit should mean a piece of toasted cheese, so he decided that it must be a corruption of Welsh rare-bit. The public believed him, and took to spelling it accordingly, so that even now Webster's Dictionary gives it as "properly Welsh rare-bit." The whole of this is stuff and nonsense; the very name rare-bit is a fiction, and Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For examples: an Essex stile is a ditch, and an Essex lion a calf; a Field-lane duck is a baked sheep's head; Glasgow magistrates, or Gourock hams, or Norfolk capons, are red herrings; Irish apricots or Munster plums are potatoes; Gravesend sweetmeats are shrimps and a Jerusalem pony is a donkey.

ATLANTIC LIGHT SUBMARINE CABLE.—A plan is afoot to lay a new line of cable, of slighter structure, and proportional smallness of cost, but alleged to be equally efficient and durable. The present Atlantic cables, it is stated, are covered with 10 homogeneous iron wires—each wire being covered with five Manilla hemp yarns. These cables weigh 31 cwt. in air, and 14½ cwt. in water per nautical mile; and, when new, are able to bear eleven miles of their length in water. These cables are covered with iron surrounded with hemp, and, as soon as the iron begins to rust, the strength of the cable, both in iron and hemp, becomes gradually reduced until the whole strength of the outer covering is destroyed by corrosion. The cable now to be laid will be covered solely with tarred Manilla hemp, which by itself is practically indestructible in salt water. It will weigh 7 cwt. in air, and less than 1½ cwt. in water, per nautical mile; and it will sustain at least 20 miles of its length in water. The present charge by existing cable is four shillings a word, and if another cable will lessen the cost of messages we wish all success to it.

JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE FOR SALE.—The Château Malmaison, the house of Josephine, is offered for sale by the French Government. One has often wondered why it was called Malmaison (bad house). The origin of the term appears to have resulted from the misdemeanors and ravages committed there by the Normans in the ninth century, the name given to the house being Mala Mausis. As late as 1244 the building was nothing better than a miserable barn. Before the revolution in 1788, however, it had

become the site of one of the most agreeable châteaux in the environs of Paris. In 1789 it was purchased by Josephine, where she gathered the most distinguished authors and artists of the French capital. The château cost Napoleon I. 160,000 francs. Its next owner was a Swedish banker, who sold it to Queen Christine for \$500,000 francs, and she in turn ceded it to Napoleon III. for \$1,100,000 francs. The Government hopes to sell it for 1,500,000. A piece of grape-vine to which hung a bunch of grapes which Josephine offered to the Emperor Alexander when he came to visit her on the 27th of May, 1814, is still preserved in the hot-house. It was three days later that poor Josephine died.

A NEWSBOY'S RISE.—The St. Louis Times publishes the following, in a report of an interview with James H. McVicker, the well-known theatrical manager, of Chicago:

He said he had been the first newsboy who had ever sold papers in St. Louis. In 1837 or 1838, he, then a lad of thirteen, was employed in the office of the St. Louis Gazette, a paper published by a "typo" named Jerry Allen and his brother. He was ordered out one day with a bunch of papers under his arm, to sell *Gazettes*, and was instructed to go down Pine street to the levee, and say to every man he met: "Buy a paper, sir?" He tried this on, and, when at the levee, then the great business centre of the city, he came to a knot of gentlemen, and put the words to them, "Buy a paper, sir?" "Buy h—!" said one of the gentlemen, and young McVicker went back to the office discouraged and almost crying at the rebuff. His employers, however, sent him out again, and he succeeded, by perseverance, in doing a pretty fair business. Subsequently he went into the *Republican* office, where he rolled, while George Knapp, now principal proprietor of that great paper, "pulled press." In those days the *Republican* was run by hand-power. A year or two later he learned to set type, and a year or two later still, he entered the theatrical profession under the tutelage of Jo. Field, stage manager of the old St. Louis theatre, Mr. Field then being also editor of the *Reveille* newspaper. From that time Mr. McVicker steadily rose, now till he has hardly a superior as a theatrical manager on the continent.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

Brain and Nerve-Producing Foods.

	Phosphorus.
	Parts in 100.
Salmon.....	7
Smelt.....	6
Lobster, herring, and cheese.....	5
Eel and trout.....	4
Whitefish, chicken, pigeon, eggs, venison, figs, and prunes.....	3
Beef, mutton, and codfish.....	2
Bacon.....	1
Oysters.....	1
Southern corn, beans, and barley.....	1
Oatmeal, peas, sweet potatoes.....	1
Wheat and rye (the whole grain).....	2
Northern corn, apples, cherries, cow's milk.....	1

Muscle-Making Foods.

	Nitrogen.
	Parts in 100.
Southern corn.....	34
Cheese.....	30
Peas.....	26
Beans.....	24
Game fowl.....	23
Mutton and chickens.....	21
Venison and salmon.....	20
Beef.....	19
Halibut.....	18
Smelt, eel, trout, codfish, oat meal, eggs.....	17
White fish.....	16
Wheat.....	15
Lobster.....	14
Rye.....	13
Oysters, barley, Northern corn, clam.....	12
Bacon, herring, buckwheat.....	8
Apples, rice, figs, cow's milk.....	5
Prunes.....	4
Sweet potatoes.....	2
Common potatoes, cabbage, currants, cherries.....	1

Respiratory or Heat-Producing Foods.

	Carbon.
	Parts in 100.
Hog's lard.....	79
Rice.....	78
Butter.....	65
Rye.....	73
Northern corn.....	68
Wheat.....	67
Bacon.....	62
Buckwheat.....	60
Figs.....	58
Oat meal.....	51
Peas.....	41
Southern corn and beans.....	40
Eggs.....	33
Cheese.....	23
Sweet potatoes.....	22
Prunes and cherries.....	20
Potatoes.....	16
Beef and mutton.....	14
Apples and peas.....	10
Venison, cow's milk.....	8
Cabbage, currants.....	6
Onions, asparagus.....	5
Herring, eel, cream.....	4
Chicken, pigeon, clam, cucumbers.....	2
Salmon, smelt, trout, codfish, halibut.....	1

With these tables before her the housewife can easily tell what will be convenient food for her family. If her husband is anxious about his business, or working his brain hard, she should consult the first table; is he toiling in the field or machine shop, the second table will be suggestive to her; if his blood is feverish she should feed him from the lower half of the third table, varying the daily bill of fare to suit the demands of those whom she feeds. With skillful diet no sarsaparilla or selditz powders or blue mass need be taken to cool and thin the blood; Graham bread, canned fruits, dried apples, nicely stewed, lemonade, bread made of the whole grain, an avoidance of fatty foods, and frequent, entire ablations of the body will make the blood thin and cool enough.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A GLUE which will resist the action of water is made by boiling 1 lb of glue in 2 qts skimmed milk.

LIME water will relieve the burning sensation caused by wasp stings, but ammonia will be found more efficacious.

BOILED linseed oil will protect instruments and tools (files, saws, guns, etc.) from rusting. Wipe the metal with a cloth deeped in the oil, and let it dry, which will require only a few minutes.

SAVE SOMETHING.—Whatever your income may be, try to save something. A ribbon less, a jewel less, a silk dress less, according to your style of living, will never hurt you; and a little put by, now and then, will make a tidy sum after a few years.

FALSE PRIDE keeps many a man always in anxiety. His income allows a moderate style of living, but he is ashamed of living within it. He must be stylish. So there is neither peace in his heart nor rest in his brain, and bills he cannot pay are for ever becoming due, and duns are always at his door.

A SIMPLE method of detecting adulteration in ground coffee is to strew the powder on the surface of cold water. The oil contained in the coffee prevents the particles from being readily wetted by the water, thus causing them to float. Chicory, burnt sugar, &c., contain no oil, and their caramel is quickly extracted by the water, with production of a brown color, while the particles themselves rapidly sink to the bottom of the water.

To polish brass, rub the metal with rotten stone and sweet oil, then rub off with a piece of cotton flannel, and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the brass rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water imparts a golden color to brass articles that are steeped in it for a few seconds.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal of Applied Chemistry* suggests, that considering the important discoveries which had been made in chemistry in 1774, it may be considered the year which gave birth to modern chemical science, and, as centennial celebrations have now become so fashionable, he recommends that some public recognition of the progress of chemistry, during the last hundred years, be made during the present summer by the scientific community.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a water-closet, will effectually destroy and concentrate the foulest smells. On board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other public places, there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperas, dissolved in anything under the bed will render an hospital, or other places for the sick, free from unpleasant smells. In fish-markets, slaughter-houses, sinks, and whenever there are offensive gases dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smell will pass away. If a cat, rat or mouse dies about the house, and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will purify the atmosphere. Then, keep all clean.

PARAGRAPHS WORTH REMEMBERING.—Benzine and common clay will clean marble.

Castor oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

Lemon juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

A dose of castor oil will aid you in removing pimples.

Lemon juice and glycerine will cleanse and soften the hands.

Spirits of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the hair very thoroughly.

Lunar caustic carefully applied so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts.

Powdered nitre is good for removing freckles. Apply with a rag moistened with glycerine.

To obviate offensive perspiration wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

The juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stain of walnuts from the hands without injury to the skin.

Cold Feet.—Dip them in cold water, and then rub them till you get the surface of the skin in a glow. Never go to bed with cold feet.

THE warmth of clothing the *London Medical Record* tells us, is the subject of a curious treatise by Dr. Von Pettenkofer. He has pointed out that the permeability of stuffs to the air is a condition of their warmth. Of equal surfaces of the following materials, he found that they were permeated by the following relative quantities of air, the most porous, flannel, such as is used ordinarily for clothing, being taken at 100:—Flannel, 100; linen of medium fineness, 58; silk, 40; buckskin, 58; tanned leather, 1; chamois leather, 51. Hence, if the warmth of clothing depend upon the degree in which it keeps out the air from our bodies, then glove-kid must be 100 times warmer than flannel, which every one knows is not the fact. The whole question, then, is resolved into that of ventilation. Our clothing is required, not to prevent the admission of the air, but to regulate the same so that our nervous system shall be sensible of no movement in the air. Further, our clothes, at the same time, regulate the temperature of the contained air, as it passes through them, so that the temperature of the air between the clothing and the surface of our body averages 84 deg. to 86 deg. Fahr.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

WINE STAINS.—The best thing for immediate removal of port wine stains on linen is sherry. If only required to be removed at the washing, common salt is best.

THE best way to treat port wine stains on linen, is to well rub salt on the spot as soon as possible, then put it in boiling milk, and soak for twelve hours, after which wash in rain water, and dry.

POTATOES PRESERVED BY SCALDING.—Potatoes have been well preserved by simply scalding them for two or three minutes, and then well drying them. They will keep well and store well also on ship board.

TO WASH SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.—Wash them in cold rain water with a little curd soap, then rinse in rain water (cold), slightly colored with stone blue; wring well, and stretch them out on a mattress, taking them out tightly.

SPONGE CAKE.—The weight of 5 eggs in loaf sugar, and of 3 in flour. Beat the whites of the eggs separately from the yolks; after mixing them together, add the sugar, beat twenty minutes, then add the flour. Bake one hour and a half in a slow oven.

SNOW PUDDING.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one pint of cold water; add one pint of warm water, two cups of sugar, and juice of two lemons. Let it come to a boil, and when cool add the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth and the grated peel of one lemon. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

MERINGUES.—The whites of 6 eggs beaten to a froth, then add six spoonfuls of sugar; mix well and quickly; drop it in the shape of eggs on writing paper, bake it upon a board in the oven; when they are a pale brown take them off the board, and take out the inside with a spoon; dry them quickly before the fire, and when wanted fill two either with whipped cream or preserve, and put them lightly together.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Mix a quart of brown mustard-seed with a handful each of parsley, chervil, tarragon, and burnet, a teaspoonful of celery seed, and cloves, mace, garlic, and salt according to taste. Put the whole into a basin, with enough wine vinegar to cover the mixture. Let it steep twenty-four hours, then pound it in a marble mortar. When thoroughly pounded, pass it through a fine sieve; add enough vinegar to make the mustard of the desired consistency, and put into jars for use.

ONION SAUCE.—Take two dozen of large, or three dozen of small silver onions, peel them, take off the first coat, split them and throw them into cold water, and boil them till they are tender, changing the water twice, then squeeze and rub them through a colander. Put into a stewpan half a pound of butter, or a quarter of a pound of butter and a gill of cream, dredge in carefully a little flour and a little salt, throw in the onions, and shake them up gently till the mixture is smooth; keep stirring all the time.

RESTORATIVE JELLY.—Put into the jar in which the jelly is to be kept two ounces of isinglass, two ounces of white sugar candy, half ounce of gum arabic, and half ounce of nutmeg grated. Pour over them a pint and a half of tent or port wine. Let it stand for twelve hours, then set the jar in a saucepan of water, and let it simmer till all the ingredients are dissolved, stirring it occasionally. The jelly must not be strained. A piece the size of a nutmeg to be taken twice a day. If nutmeg is not liked any other spice will do as well to flavor it.

CAULIFLOWER AND CHEESE.—Boil the cauliflower. When done put on the stop a tablespoonful of grated cheese and ½ oz. of butter in small pieces. Melt it well into the cauliflower before the fire or in the oven, slightly browning it. As a sauce for it mix a teaspoonful of flour, 2 oz. grated cheese, 2 oz. melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, two well-beaten eggs. Stir all well together in a saucepan over the fire, and strain through a colander if not perfectly smooth. The cauliflower is boiled, and then cut into small pieces, without any of the leaf. Put the pieces into a good smooth white sauce, on the top sprinkle some finely-grated cheese, and put the cauliflower into the oven for a few minutes to brown. If liked, pieces of toasted bread can be served under the cauliflower as with vegetable marrow.

MOTHER'S HOUSE.—How many happy thoughts are called up by those two beautiful words! Is there—can there be any place so full of pleasant places, beneath the waving palms of sunny isles, or in the chilling shadows of icy mountains? Our heart turns with unchangeable love and longing to the dear old house which has sheltered us in childhood. Kind friends may beckon us to newer scenes, and loving hearts may bind us fast to pleasant homes; but we are not satisfied with them alone, for there is one place more fair and lovely than them all, and that is the beloved "mother's house." Here we have watched life come and go. Here we have folded still, cold hands over hearts as still, that once beat full of love for us. Here we have welcomed brothers and sisters into life, watched for the first lisping words from baby lips, guided the tottering baby feet from helplessness to manhood, and here we have watched, with aching hearts, to see the dear ones turn from the home nest out into a world which has proved but a snare and a temptation to many wandering feet; and here we gather strength to take up our lives again, and go on patiently unto the end. But though the world call us, and we may find friends good and true, we turn to the dear old home when troubles come for help and comfort.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

MEN OF THE TIME.—Clock-makers. THE paper containing many fine points.—A paper of needles.

DENTAL.—No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.

HOW TO TURN PEOPLE'S HEADS.—Come into a concert late and with creaky boots.

A HEARTY knight is sir-loin; a suspicious one is sur-mise; a cowardly one is sur-render.

WHERE is the man who can always get bread when he kneads it. —You will find him in the baker.

"MAN is a mystery," said a young girl to her beau. "Yes, my dear," he replied, "and a girl is a mystery."

"I WAS very near selling my boots the other day," said John, to a friend. —"How so?" —"Well, I had them half-soled."

A NEW YORK editor's pistol having been stolen, he advertises that if the thief will return it he will give him the contents, and no questions asked.

SCANDALOUS.—A young lady, who is partially deaf, is in the habit of answering "yes" to everything when a gentleman is talking to her, for fear he should propose to her and she not hear it.

A CORRECT BILL OF FARE.—A Detroit hotel-keeper writes his own bill-of-fare, thereby saving the cost of printing. It announces "Coffy, soupe, roste bete, fride ham, boyled and bakt potatys, fride coul puddin, and mins pie."

A DEPUTATION.—No man better understood the value of that aggregation of bores called a "deputation" than the late Earl of Carlisle. His definition of such a gathering was—"Deputation" is a noun of multitude that signifies many, but does not signify much.

CURRY POWDER.—A pinch will give a splay relish to very homely diet and tempt a very capricious appetite. Turmeric, 12oz.; coriander seed, 12oz.; ginger, 12oz.; black pepper, 12oz.; capsicums, 9oz.; cardamoms, 6oz.; cummin seed, 6oz.; mint, 3oz. These should be ground separately into fine powder, and weigh as above after being ground. Mix thoroughly by sifting all together.

A WONDERFUL THING.—What wonderful things these professors do discover nowadays. One of them has found out lately that "Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellar oculo-motorial centres." We have given some attention to the subject ourselves, but we confess that we didn't know it was as bad as that. No doubt it hurts too. Cut this out, and paste it in your hat, so you won't forget what sort of a thing a nystagmus is.

A LADY was recently engaging a new cook, and had apparently settled all details satisfactorily, when the domestic inquired, "How many other servants do you keep, ma'am?" "Two," was the reply. "Oh, then, your place won't suit me, ma'am, as I always like a game of whist of an evening, and I don't like playing with a 'dummy.'"

THE following gentle reply was made by a strong-minded woman to a canvasser who called at her house during the recent elections to get her husband to go to the poll and vote: "No, sir, he can't go! He's washing now, and he's going to iron to-morrow; and, if he wasn't doing anything, he couldn't go. I own this 're house, I do; and, if any one votes, it'll be this 're Mary Jane."

THERE is a woman in London who cannot speak without rhyming. The effect of this when she is attending to the ordinary household duties, must often be remarkable. It is, we suppose, something like this:—"Mary Jane, go right up stairs, and sweep and make the bed, and do it quickly, too, d'ye hear! or else I'll punch your head." Or this:—"It would give me, Mathilda, enormous relief, if you'd cook those potatoes and greens with the beef." Or this:—"Alphonso, you are eating now your fifteenth currant cake! the next thing you'll be howling with a frightful stomach ache." Or this:—"Louisa, put your bustle on, and get your woollen shawl, and came with me to Mrs. J's to make a little call; it makes no difference, my child, what bonnet you may wear, but, for gracious' sake, Louisa, comb and frizz your hair."

In a small village in the south of Scotland there lived a worthy couple—man and wife—who had come ever from the Green Isle. The man, Barney by name, made a living by building stone-dykes, draining, and such like occupations. After working at these for some time, he began to have higher aspirations, and conceived the idea of becoming a shopkeeper. He rented a suitable place, got it fitted up, and on the day that he received his first consignment of goods opened shop. This consignment happened to be a barrel of apples. The barrel was opened, some of the fruit displayed in the window, and Barney took up his position to await customers. A passing school-boy, seeing a display of apples in a new place of business, went in and asked for a pound of the fruit. Barney, all alacrity, stirred himself to supply the demand of his first customer, got his scales placed, put in some apples, and—but here he discovered that he had forgotten to provide weights. Here was a fix! Barney put in some apples, took out some, and scratched his head alternately for a few minutes, and then stood to consider the matter. His better half, coming in at this moment, and seeing the perplexed appearance of her spouse, interrogated him thus—"What's the matter, Barney dear?" Barney explained, "Och, sure, Barney," said she, "don't you know what to do? Put apples in one scale, and apples in the other, and balance them!"

OUR PUZZLER.

119. ENIGMA.

I'm long, short, good, bad,
Rare, clear, modern, old,
Strong, weak, comic, sad,
Clever, curious, simple, bold,
Black, white, yellow, green,
And made of gold, brass, silver, hides,
Tin, wood, glass, naffkeen,
And many other things besides.
A knowledge of me is required
To write a pleasing song or riddle;
E'en Paganini me admired,
And took me with his favorite fiddle.

120. DESCRIPTIVES.

1. LAND S	2. MENT G	3. M MOUTH
4. VER A	5. MENT E	6. LY S
		7. BUS BL

121. EXTRACTION.

1. My primal will to you display
What third oft makes you do.
2. What third to my second is
In second you will view.
3. My third will give you cause to first—
'Tis sometimes hard to bear.
4. My fourth will give an ornament
The ladies like to wear.

122. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

1. 052 and law, a boy's name; 1.051 and aea
a girl's name; 50 and ear, Shaksperian character; 0 and bitt, a boy's name; 100 and bone,
a boy's name; 200 and beare, a girl's name.
The initials will give a boy's name; the finals
will give a girl's name.

123. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Take primals up and finals down,
And then there will appear
Before you, plainly to be seen,
Two seasons of the year.

1. A sea-fish first must be espied:
'Tis small, and to the eod allied.
2. A reptile of gigantic size;
But only in the ground it lies.
3. A lake of Lapland this does tell;
'Tis said, here guardian spirits dwell.
4. If you have got one that is bad,
'Twill not take much to make you "mad."
5. When you a letter add to me,
A quarter of the earth you'll see.
6. And for the last one must be found
A town where certain kings were crowned.

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THE NEW CURATE.

Orthodox Elderly Spinster. "WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON, MARIA! THERE, IF YOU'D HAVE ONLY SHUT YOUR EYES, I DECLARE YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS A BISHOP!!!"



SAT UPON.

Hospitable Host. "DOES ANY GENTLEMAN SAY PUDDEN?"
Precise Guest. "NO, SIR. NO GENTLEMAN SAYS PUDDEN."



COMPLAISANT.

Artist (after trying for half-an-hour to get the Expression he wanted). "NO, NO, IT WON'T DO, SMITHERS! THE POSITION IS CONTAINED. YOU DON'T STAND EASY ENOUGH: I WANT YOU TO LOOK DRUNK, YOU KNOW."
Model (and he'd done his best, too). "WELL, IT IS DIFFICULT TO 'MAKE BELIEVE,' SIR,—BUT—IF YOU SHOULD 'APPEN TO 'AVE 'ALF A BOTTLE O' SPIRITS IN YOUR CUPBOARD, WE COULD MANAGE IT IN NO TIME, SIR—I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY!!!"



PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Teacher. "JESSIE BROWN, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE LATE!"
Jessie. "WHICH YOU HAVE, MISS. BUT, LOR! I'VE HAD SUCH A JOR WITH MY 'AIR!"



SUNDAY STORIES.

Aunt Ethel. "BUT WHEN HIS BRETHREN NEXT SAW JOSEPH, THEY FOUND HIM IN A POSITION OF GREAT AUTHORITY AND POWER."
Alice. "WAS HE A KING, AUNT ETHEL?" *Aunt Ethel.* "NO. BUT HE WAS VERY HIGH—NEARLY NEXT TO THE KING."
Alice (who is fond of Cards). "WAS HE A KNAVE, THEN?"



WITH OUR APOLOGIES TO THE LAUREATE.

Maud (reads):—

"Then that same day there past into the hall
A dais of high lounge, and a brow
Mey-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes, and lightly was her slender nose
Tiptilted like the petal of a flower—"

—YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO A WORD, LIZZIE! YOU CAN THINK OF NOTHING BUT THAT HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH OF A PUG!"
Lizzie. "I AM LISTENING—AND IT ISN'T A HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH! IT WAS A LITTLE DUCK, IT WAS; AND ITS DARLING ICKLE NOSEY-POSEY WAS TIPTILTED LIKE THE PETAL OF A FLOWER!"